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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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WEDNESDAY'S PRIMARY ELECTION

WITH the primary election only a few days off, the preliminary municipal campaign is rapidly drawing to a close, no great activity having been evinced at any stage of the proceedings. This absence of concentration is inevitable in a free-for-all race engendered by the direct primary method; the real, pre-election vitality will not be noticeable until the wind-up that precedes the finals next month, when the partisan shouters for their respective principals endeavor to inoculate voters with their own genuine or simulated enthusiasm.

Just now, it is an effort of the individual candidate to escape annihilation at the primaries. With half a dozen aspirants for the mayoralty, the four leading ones, Messrs. Alexander, Farish, Smith and Mushet, are bending every energy to accomplish the saving of their scalps. Only two names for each office may appear on the official ballot in the final test. If the survivors are Alexander and Farish, the latter will stand an even chance of being elected; in fact, the odds will be slightly in his favor. With either Mushet or Smith opposing the incumbent, Alexander ought to win. Smith deserves to be rebuked for his flagrant desertion of Dr. Walter Lindley, three years ago, when he went over to Harper with his money and influence. Mushet, for his share in fighting the school bond issue and his alliance with the Times, also has invited defeat. Farish, on the contrary, is a business man of good repute, who has given much valuable time in the performance of civic duties, acting on important committees and with a good record while in the council. His ambition to serve the city as mayor is a worthy one, and deserving of encouragement. He will give a good, clean, business administration if elected, without a doubt.

Candidates for the council are many, but the discriminating voter need not find it difficult to make a selection. That W. J. Washburn should lead the roster is admitted, and with John D. Works, Miles S. Gregory, Martin Betkouski, George Williams, John T. Pope, Frank Walker, Judge R. M. Lusk, T. L. O'Brien and others to choose from, there is little danger of going

astray. Bernard Healy is a candidate for re-election. He has been subjected to much adverse criticism that is undeserved. Healy is thoroughly representative of a large portion of the electorate, and while crude in speech and with an absence of polish, is fundamentally honest. He is not altogether unworthy of confidence. He served in the army as an enlisted man in the pioneering days of the frontier, and has an honorable discharge. The city might do far worse than return him to the council.

Leslie Hewitt is certain of re-election as city attorney, as also are Harry Leland for city clerk and City Treasurer Hance. Walter Mallard is another winning candidate, and the present board of education should find no serious opposition. For auditor, Ethan R. Allan's candidacy is most favorably regarded, and his selection insures an able administration of that important office. Next Wednesday, November 10, is the date for the first test of the direct primary election under the amended city charter.

CALHOUN'S BLACK BOGY EXORCISED

HENEY'S defeat means that San Francisco has decided to drop the graft prosecution cases and to let bygones be bygones. Well, if San Francisco can stand it, outsiders may make faces and call ugly names, but of what avail? After all, it is San Francisco's own affair, in a sense, although the principle at stake is one that deeply and vitally affects every municipality in the country. That principle is, Shall quasi-public corporations, through their executive officers, commit felony, by bribing public servants, to subvert personal and selfish ends, and then go unwhipped of justice? Dodge this question how one may, this is the issue. Heney and his following have said they shall not. The people who rule in this democracy, or who are supposed to rule, have spoken otherwise.

Fickert's triumph over Heney, in the struggle for the district attorneyship, can be construed in no other way. The victor was known to be in sympathy with Patrick Calhoun, and the latter's money is popularly supposed to have defrayed the successful candidate's campaign expenses, while the Calhoun-owned newspaper and all other subsidized journals gave Fickert unqualified support. Heney's attitude was logical and consistent throughout. "Elect me," he said, "and I shall know that you want the graft prosecutions continued; I promise to carry them forward with unabated vigor." Mr. Fickert contented himself by saying he would prosecute only such cases that, after careful investigation, he was convinced could be carried to a successful result. He is a young man, comparatively a new figure in San Francisco politics, although he served a four years' term as assistant United States district attorney.

With the rejection of Heney and all that he stands for, perhaps it is entirely consistent that the volatile San Franciscans should elect as mayor the Labor Union candidate, P. H. McCarthy, whose liberal views in regard to an "open town" seem to have coincided with those of a majority of the voters. In no other way can we account for his support in strong Republican districts. McCarthy has been president of the San Francisco Building Trades Council for many years, and is a forceful figure in municipal politics in the northern city. He was a candidate for mayor two years ago, but was defeated by Dr. Edward R. Taylor, the incumbent, whom he will succeed. He has opposed Heney vigorously throughout the campaign, denouncing him as a "political faker," hence he may be regarded as persona grata with the Calhoun interests that were behind Fickert. If San Francisco is satisfied with a return to the labor union oligarchical

methods which characterized the Ruef-Schmitz administration of three years ago, it is not for outlanders to carp.

Francis J. Heney's work in San Francisco may have been brutal and arbitrary as charged, but it was no place for an invertebrate. He fought with unflinching courage the brightest and trickiest lawyers that unlimited capital could enlist, the most unscrupulous methods, the cleverest and the cunningest minds that money could hire. Public journals were subsidized to paint him in hideous colors, the people were continually fed with matter that was calculated to inspire disgust and contempt for the prosecutor, and those behind him not being over-popular, his cause had to suffer because of the Spreckels-Phelan unlovely traits. All this militated against his election. It has cost Mr. Calhoun several million dollars to mould public opinion to his wishes, but he has finally succeeded in his object, and we hasten to add our felicitations. He may now sleep well o' nights, with no haunting visions of penitentiary doors yawning to receive him. That black boggy, Heney, has been exorcised.

WOMEN'S MINDS AND OPPORTUNITY

IT WAS a one-to-ten shot that Judge Grosscup of Chicago would hear from that lecture he delivered recently before a woman's club, in which he differentiated between the masculine and feminine minds. Among other premises, he argued that woman is too limited in reasoning power to be a good lawyer; so unskillful in analysis that she cannot be a successful scientist or theologian; is doomed to failure in business attempts, and unable to be anything but a good nurse in the practice of medicine. One of the illuminating incidents told by Judge Grosscup in support of his theory that woman is unfit for the law, was of a feminine lawyer who threw a pitcher at a judge who gave a decision adverse to her client.

"I hope Judge Grosscup was on the bench, and that she hit him," Dr. Annie M. Blount of Oak Park is quoted by the Chicago Post as saying, adding, with tart acumen, "as an example of the scientific, analytical and reasoning powers of the masculine mind, this does not seem to be a very distinguished example." Other women successful in the law and in medicine, interviewed by the Post, ably refute the federal jurist's contention that a fundamental difference lies in the minds of men and women, tending to deprive the latter of the creative ability as being outside their sphere.

Mrs. Justice McCulloch thought there was danger in generalization. She ventured that one man's point of view of woman's work must necessarily be controlled by his acquaintance and knowledge. If he knows no women who have reasoning faculties or powers of analysis or business ability, that may show the limitations of his acquaintance, or the characteristics of the particular women of his acquaintance, but not necessarily the absence of such qualities in all women. Another bright woman, office manager for a big law firm, admitted there are differences between people's minds, but she thought they bore no relation to sex. "It is a matter of education and heredity," she observed, and then delivered this Parthian shot:

Probably not one man in fifty is qualified to be a judge; and when woman lawyers have to encounter the amount of prejudice they do and are absolutely debarred from all judicial work, nobody can know whether the proportion of women fitted for it is greater or less. As to women in business, statistics show that 92 per cent of the undertakings, the overwhelming majority by men, are failures. On the other hand, there are many instances of successful businesses conducted by women. I happen to know that a large majority of the savings accounts in the Chicago banks are those of women.

Judge Grosscup's extrajudicial opinion has a musty flavor, and is reminiscent of the views held by our forefathers of several generations back. He and Governor Gillett would make a

capital team on the stump, when the cause of woman suffrage is before the people for ratification. They both agree that men are so superior creatures that it is an impertinence, as well as a reflection on their sex, for women to express a wish to supersede men in any official position. "We fill them all so admirably," is the California governor's naive attitude. They forget that changing economic conditions, bringing great opportunities to women, which they have not failed to grasp, have developed the feminine mind marvelously of late years. "Differences that may exist," as one clever woman notes, "are due entirely to differences in opportunity and education," and not to differences in the construction of the minds of the two sexes.

This is sound argument, and in accordance with developments of the last half century of progress. Judge Grosscup convicts himself. He admits, as a curious fact, that at all of our great co-educational universities the women outstrip the men, and yet he says there isn't on record an eminent woman lawyer, an eminent woman physician, or theologian, or scientist. He forgets Mme. Curie, who discovered radium; he knows that, considering the brief space of time women have been admitted to the bar in many states, they have shown marked ability, if not great brilliancy, and that hundreds of women doctors, with large and growing practices, are engaged professionally today, as compared with isolated instances fifty years ago. Give them time and opportunity and they will make their sphere and prove their ability.

What seemed sporadic instances of "masculine" minds a quarter century ago now is of common occurrence; and the ratio of increase in the next twenty-five years will be so great that if Judge Grosscup and Governor Gillett are spared to the country that long, they will be as dumb as the proverbial oyster when their antiquated views of this period rise up like spectres to haunt them. All women need is opportunity; their minds are keen enough. We could humbly wish that a transplanting of scintillant thought germs from the brightest of their sex were possible. We knew a few self-satisfied male folk whose reception of the thought spawn would entail great advantages to them. Moreover, there are many of our kind, not so self-content with what nature and training have provided, who would be eager bidders for an infusion.

INADMISSIBLE HEARSAY EVIDENCE

WHY SHOULD a minister of the gospel denounce Isadora Duncan's dancing as "an indecent and degrading exhibition," when, by his own admission, he had not seen the performance, his scathing reflections being based entirely on hearsay? In a court of law such testimony would be rejected as incompetent, as Rev. Fayette L. Thompson of St. Louis surely knows. That he should expect his congregation to accept his secondhand reflection as gospel truth is asking a great deal. For his individual opinion his flock, doubtless, would have due respect, but to place Isadora Duncan's classic art on a level with the vulgar "hoochie-cootchie" muscular exercise, and calling for police interference, without having seen it, is indicative of bigotry or sensationalism.

Personally, we decline to accept the St. Louis pastor's borrowed dictum as final. That Isadora Duncan's dance is given in conjunction with the Damrosch Orchestra concert is prima facie evidence of its worth, of its right to be regarded as artistic. In addition, there is the written expression of high-minded, competent critics, in whom we have confidence, that Miss Duncan's work is a pure joy, devoid of suggestiveness, and full of grace. Because she dances in bare feet, is that a crime? Is her clerical critic, by proxy, heard fulminating against the prophetess, Miriam, who led the women with timbrels and with dances, following the drowning of Pharaoh's chariots and his host in the Red Sea? or against Jephthah's daughter, who met the valorous Gileadite in like innocent form to evidence her rejoicing at his victory over the children of Ammon? With Miriam, the ecstasy of the dance was an expression of her deep, religious nature, and while Isadora Duncan's artistic work may not be so construed, it is certainly neither on the voluptuary order, nor yet of a degrading type.

To exclaim that it is "consecrated nastiness,"

posing as high art, sounds like pulpit oratory, that sort of unbridled license of speech which occasionally leads ministers of the gospel, zealous in what they honestly believe to be the right, into uttering grave errors. We could wish that Rev. Mr. Thompson of the Lindell Avenue Methodist Episcopal church of St. Louis had personally studied the convolutions of Miss Duncan, dancing in unison with the classic music inspired by Mr. Walter Damrosch, but, perhaps, that is too much to expect. No matter; we shall ask our readers to reserve their criticisms and opinions until Miss Duncan appears in this city, later in the season, when they will have opportunity to judge for themselves as to whether her art is "a shameless exhibition, calling for police interference," or merely the embodiment of grace and beauty.

TAMMANY'S EMPTY VICTORY

GAYNOR'S triumph in New York City was not unexpected, but the fruits of it, which was what the tigerish Tammany eagerly awaited are lost to that menacing organization, the remainder of the ticket having been defeated by the fusionists, who, fortunately for the city, will control absolutely the board of estimate and apportionment, which will disburse upward of a billion dollars in the coming administration. This leaves Gaynor's election a hollow victory, since the control of the disbursing board was of far greater importance to Tammany than the success of the head of the ticket. In the county, the fusionists elected the district attorney and sheriff.

For the second time William Randolph Hearst's aspirations to become mayor of New York were subjected to a setback, and although the independent candidate polled the respectable vote of nearly 150,000, he was yet third on the list. In view of the large majorities by which the Republican-Fusionist ticket was elected, with the exception of Otto T. Bannard, candidate for mayor, the heavy vote cast for Judge William J. Gaynor cannot be regarded as other than a handsome tribute to the jurist's fine personal record. He was the target for bitter abuse by the opposition, but he maintained a fine poise throughout, and declined to reply to the sneers and innuendoes of his political enemies. It is well understood that he is not subservient to Tammany, and that he accepted the nomination only with the understanding that no pledge or promise was to hamper him. His victory brings him into public ken as a possible Democratic candidate for President.

Elsewhere, the political results of Tuesday's elections record the defeat of Mayor Tom L. Johnson for re-election in Cleveland. Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo is re-elected by a small but safe majority. Eben S. Draper, Republican candidate for governor of Massachusetts, together with the entire ticket, is victorious, and, of course, Pennsylvania has gone Republican by the usual indecent majorities. Rhode Island also endorses Senator Aldrich's party, and Indianapolis rebukes Tom Taggart by electing a Republican mayor. Altogether, the November elections present a number of surprises and offer much food for thought.

WHY CHICAGO KNEELS

PARTLY in derision, partly in grim earnest, Mr. Montgomery Ward, the big mail-order merchant of Chicago, has been termed the "watch dog of the lake front," because, for years, he has determinedly fought every attempt to install public or semi-public buildings in Grant Park, that strip of city freehold, situate on the east side of Michigan avenue between Van Buren and Twelfth streets. With the exception of himself, all the abutting owners of property on Michigan avenue within the limits named have consented to the placing of the Field Museum building in the park. So far from consenting, Mr. Ward enjoined the park commissioners from giving permission to the Field Museum trustees to begin building, and at his own expense carried the case to the state supreme court, which has recently sustained his contentions by unanimous decision. This leaves the citizens, the trustees and the various civic bodies urging the admission of the museum to the taboo precincts, without a leg to stand on. The old watch dog has the entire

city at his feet, metaphorically, begging him, as a boon, to desist in his opposition and give consent to the plan.

In a double-leaded editorial appeal, addressed personally to Mr. Ward, the Chicago Evening Post reminds this uncompromising guardian of the lake front that, having won a great personal and legal victory, he can afford to be "noble and magnanimous." He is urged in the name of every citizen of Chicago to send to the park commissioners his written consent to the erection of the museum in Grant Park, in which case "nothing you can do will so commend you to the good will of the public. Chicago stands at your door pleading for this gift from you. Will you grant the plea and petition of the people?"

Truly, an extraordinary condition of affairs, which would be incredible were it not for the fact that unless the Field Museum is housed on the lake shore, within a certain time limit, the bequest of the late Marshall Field, amounting to eight million dollars, will lapse and the city be the loser to that extent. Will the petition prevail? Not likely! For upward of thirty years Montgomery Ward has maintained the same attitude he now holds, and as he is as stubborn as the proverbial army mule, our guess is that he will stand pat and refuse to be cajoled, swayed, coerced or coaxed into relenting. Grant Park will never know a companion building to the Art Institute so long as Montgomery Ward draws breath. Chicago might as well rise from her knees and brush off the accumulated lint.

GRAPHITES

La Follette's Magazine cannot afford to criticize unless sure of its facts, as in the event of an error its influence for good will be lessened. In the current issue, under the heading "A Lemon," we find it commenting on the increase of half a cent a pound in the tariff on lemons, as obtained by Senator Flint, which "good thing" the growers naturally thought was intended for them. "But," says La Follette's, "now they know better. Upon the passage of the new tariff law, the railroads advanced the transportation rates on lemons by the amount of the tariff increase." Of course, this is wrong, as The Graphic has previously pointed out, when a similar misstatement was made in another quarter. The rate was advanced 15 cents a hundred, or 30 per cent of the total bonus granted. As a matter of fact, this increase was decided upon a year ago, long before the tariff question was up for adjustment. La Follette's is doing good work, and it is a pity that it should go astray in the smallest detail.

With kindly intent, the Colton Chronicle assures The Graphic that it is wrong in criticizing President Taft for favoring a ship subsidy law, and also for our position that the protective tariff is responsible for the inability of home shipbuilders to compete with foreign builders and owners. Wages, says the Chronicle, is the principal factor, adding: "It does not cost so much more to build ships in America than on the other side of the Atlantic, but if it did that would not be so much of a stumbling block if, after the ships were built, they could be operated with American seamen as cheaply as with foreigners." Surely, the Chronicle knows better. Take the building of the Pacific Mail Company ships as a concrete example. Vice-President Schwerin has testified that the steamships Korea, Liberia, Mongolia and Manchuria were constructed in the United States at a cost of \$4,600,000 each, when they might have been built in England for \$2,900,000, or at a saving of nearly seven million dollars on the four. This difference went into the pockets of the steel trust, mainly, and was for other highly-protected articles, whose manufacturers are able to compete with the markets of the world without a cent of tariff bonus. This difference then is paid by the people who are taxed to subsidize private concerns that no longer need cossetting. Now comes the iniquitous proposal to make good this difference to the shipbuilders, by adding another burden on the public in the form of a subsidy—paying over again what the unnecessarily protected material men are getting. As for wages, that is a minor consideration. Few Americans, anyway, are found in the fo'castle of the American-owned ships; with rare exception the crews are of foreign birth, and seldom citizens of the United States. Subsidizing the shipowners will help them that much, but not the country as a whole; until the tariff wall is removed the ships flying the Stars and Stripes must return with empty holds. A subsidy is a costly folly, without curing the defect.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

IN A CURIOUS compilation entitled "The Knights and Their Days," which volume was my prize this week at the Old Book Shop, Dr. Doran has told, in fragmentary fashion, of the institution of chivalry, knightly practices and the qualifications and forms of investiture of candidates for arms. In old times, as in later days, there were knights who acquired the appellation by favor, rather than service; or by a compelled, rather than a voluntary act. The old landholders followed their lord to the field, by feudal obligation, paying their rent, or part of it, by such service. The voluntary knights were, in the main, "younger brothers," who sought to amend their indifferent fortunes by joining the banner of a lord, and winning honor by their prowess. The connection of knighthood with feudal tenure was much loosened, if it did not altogether disappear, by the Crusaders. The Crusaders made of induction into knighthood a solemn ceremony. The candidate was belted, white-robed, and absolved after due confession, when his sword was blessed, and heaven was supposed to be its director. With the love of God was combined love for the ladies. What was implied was that the knight should display courtesy, gallantry, and readiness to defend; whenever those services were required by defenseless women.

* * *

I have always had the impression that the more chivalrous the knight, the more lax his morals, perhaps having in mind the case of Lancelot du Lac and the amorous Guinever. I love to read of the romantic deeds and tales of derring-do accomplished by the knights of King Arthur's round table, but whatever the privilege of chivalry may have been, it was the practice of too many knights to be faithless. They vowed fidelity, but they were a promise-breaking, word-deceiving crew. Honor was ever on their lips, but not always in their hearts, and it was little respected by them, when found in the possession of their neighbors' wives. Sir Walter Scott hit them off well in this respect, when, in describing a triad of knights, he says:

There were two who loved their neighbors' wives,
And one who loved his own.

I am bound to admit, as does Dr. Doran, that the morals of chivalry were not pure. Violation of marriage vows passed in them for an incontestable privilege of the brave and the fair, and the accomplished knights seem to have enjoyed as undoubted prerogatives anything they chose, provided, that with gallantry they were loyal, courteous and munificent. With regard to courtesy, I find that the knight was full of honeyed phrases to his equals and superiors, but was as coarsely arrogant to his inferiors. Which is reminding that the grand monarch, Louis XIV., who would never pass one of his own scullery-maids without raising his plumed beaver, could address terms to the ladies of his court, which, but for the sacred majesty that was supposed to environ his person, might have gained for him a severe castigation. In Germany, where chivalry too often was turned to the oppression of the weak rather than employed for their protection, the popular contempt and dread of "knightly principles" were early illustrated in the proverb, "Er will Ritter an mir werden." He wants to play knight over me. In which axiom, knight stands for oppressor or insulter.

* * *

Originally, a knight was simply knecht, servant of the king. Among the Romans a blow on the ear gave the slave freedom, and perhaps the blow on the shoulder given to a knight was intended to make a free-servant of him. The Romans are said to have established the earliest known order of knighthood, and the members at one time wore rings, as a mark of distinction, as in later times knights wore spurs. Knighthood was a sort of nobility worth having, for it testified to the merit of the wearer. A knight never surrendered his sword, save to a knight. "Are you knight and gentleman?" asked the Earl of Suffolk, when, 450 years ago, he yielded to Regnault. "I am a gentleman," answered Regnault, "but I am not yet a knight." Whereupon Suffolk, who had the power, bade his captor kneel, dubbed him knight, received the accustomed oaths, and then gave up his old sword to the new chevalier.

* * *

To dub, from the Saxon word, dubban, was either to give or put on—don—or was to strike. There was striking, too, at the unmaking of a knight. His heels were then degraded of their spurs, the latter being beaten or chopped away. "His heels deserved," says Bertram of the cowardly Parolles, "for usurping of his spurs so long." The sword, too, on such occasions, was broken. Even the bravest of knights seem to have been

not averse to taking unmanly advantage of their foes. Thus, De Joinville of the Order of St. Louis, placidly tells of an affair on the plains before Babylon, where he perceived a sturdy Saracen mounting his horse, which was held by one of the esquires. Naively confesses De Joinville: "While he was putting his hand on his saddle to mount, I gave him such a thrust with my spear, which I pushed as far as I was able, that he fell down dead." Apparently, the knight did not regard this as a base and cowardly action. The rule of chivalry, which directed that all should be fair in fight, was seldom regarded by those chivalrous gentlemen when victory was to be obtained by violating the law.

* * *

Dr. Doran has an interesting chapter on the training of pages, generally noble youths who entered knights' families to learn obedience, to be instructed in the use of weapons, "and to acquire a graceful habit of tending on ladies." Every master of a family in the middle ages, we are told, had at least one young man in his service who would have rejoiced to shed the last drop of his blood to save him. The discipline to which pages were subjected in the houses of knights and noblemen does not appear to have been of a severe character. Beyond listening to precepts from the chaplain, heeding the behests of their master, and performing pleasant duties about their mistress, they seem to have been left pretty much to themselves, and to have had, altogether, a pleasant time of it. Occasionally, they met with harsh treatment from their chivalrous masters, who could at times act both cowardly and unchristian-like.

* * *

Dr. Doran pictures the knights of old at table, in their homes; of their rough jokes, their irritability, their enjoyment of the chase, their religious sentiment, their dalliance with the gentler sex, but insistence on implicit obedience of wives to husbands. Of love in chevaliers and chevaliers in love, many amusing instances are recorded, and several famous stories revived that otherwise would have been forgotten. Their duels, deaths and burials are given a chapter, replete with curious anecdote. Female knights, including Jeanne d'Arc, are dwelt upon, and a number of illustrious English, French and Spanish knights receive extended notice. Sir John Falstaff is given an entire chapter, and the titled old cut-purse is well worth it. Stage knights and pseudo-knights, real knights and kingly knights are passed in review, and, truly, it is a motley gathering. Altogether, Dr. Doran has covered almost every conceivable phase of knighthood, and for this volume, published in 1856, by Redfield of New York, I am free to confess that I am profoundly grateful.

S. T. C.

DEGENERACY OF POLITICS

WHY IS IT that there is such a great gulf fixed in the public mind between the terms "statesman" and "politician?" In the former we recognize the citizen of the highest type, whose perpetual lode-star is the good and glory of his country, who does not hesitate at the sacrifice of self or party, who is impelled solely by patriotic conviction. The true statesman, indeed, is always the true patriot. With the honor or benefit of his country at stake, personal consideration or private preferment is the sheerest dross. To him the course of politics demands the same self-abnegation as the field of battle. "For how can man die better than facing fearful odds, for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods?"

* * *

But the word "politician" has so degenerated that its use is only too likely to suggest selfish craft, disreputable morals, and dirty intrigue. To call a man a "politician" nowadays is to imply mainly that his word is not to be relied upon, that he will trim his sails to the wind, that he will seek any port in a storm, that his influence is purchasable, and that he will resort to any guile or treachery to drive a bargain. And yet, it must be admitted that such "politicians" are held in universal contempt, and that there are always in every community notable exceptions to such a classification. For with the permanently successful politician, his word is his bond, at least with his friends. But he is scrupulously careful with his word. He does not give pledges or promises except on the rarest occasion. He knows that "the least said is the soonest mended;" that there is no surer way to maintain his power than by keeping his own counsel and holding his tongue.

* * *

Even with what may be called the amateur politician, the greatest good for the greatest number is not the motive of his being found in politics. He goes into politics as a personal di-

version. He enjoys the game. He finds distraction in its excitement. He has no personal appetite for its distinctions or prizes; often he contemns them, for his own income is greater than any officeholder's, and he regards his profession or business as superior in the social scale and intrinsically more worthy. While other men find surer pastime and diversion from care on the golf links or in the card room at the club, he prefers to absorb his superfluous energy in matching his wits against another's in the game of politics. But to him it is only a game, a distraction from his profession. He finds therein more personal enjoyment, more excitement, than in poker. And the mental attitude of any politician is generally similar to that of the poker player.

* * *

In the equipment of the politician, professional or amateur, there is no more valuable strategy than that of "bluffing" one's opponent. Only the politician's craft is to deceive not only his adversary, but the spectators—the public. The poorer the cards he holds, the more essential it is to simulate their strength. The stronger his hand, the more careful is he to conceal its resources. And just as the moral ethics of poker are indefensible, since so large an element in its success is based on deception, and just as no apologist pretends it has an uplifting influence or altruistic motive, so, too, in the game of practical politics, as it is played among us, there is seldom an ennobling feature, but many factors that are absolutely debasing.

* * *

In the recent warfare in San Francisco, the final battle of which was fought last Tuesday, it is doubtful if a campaign was ever waged more demoralizing to the cause of true politics. That is to say, in the eyes of the calm observer, politics never reached a lower level. At the opening of the campaign at least one side promised to eschew personalities and to pursue the path of reason. But when the batteries of personal vituperation and reckless charge were opened by the other side, it seemed impossible to rely on sane argument alone. The crowd that goes to campaign meetings has small taste for reason or argument. It thirsts for sensation, and, therefore, is not averse to a row. It "eats up" expletives, swallowing such terms as "liar," "scoundrel," "coward," "crook" with avidity, and yells for more. Just in the same way the average appetite wants "hot stuff" in its newspaper. Reason is cold; vituperation is red hot. And so the votes of the multitude being the stake for which every candidate is striving, for which every manager is planning, the main thing is to cater to the appetite of the multitude. Accordingly, night by night, each candidate wound himself, more tempestuously into a fury, painting his opponent as the devil himself, and splashing on the canvas every flaring color of personal abuse.

* * *

For a single feature of this campaign one may express gratitude. The paper which is most widely read in San Francisco took neither side. The Examiner, which, only a year ago, was attacking Spreckelsism and Heney with merciless satire, treated every event in the campaign with scrupulous non-partisanship. Moreover, it refused to support any of the three candidates for the mayoralty. The consequence was that for once the reader could turn to a daily newspaper and find the news of the campaign. The meetings of various candidates and their utterances were reported dispassionately and equally. While the motives for such laudable results were impelled only by the cowardice of the counting room, at least the Examiner provided an almost unprecedented example of how a newspaper should handle the news of a political campaign.

* * *

For a different reason, the Call found itself likewise compelled to abstain from the zeal which, for three years, it has shown on Heney's behalf. John D. Spreckels once more is master of the paper which all along has borne his name as proprietor. Almost three years ago the paper was leased by two ex-employees of the Chronicle on behalf of Rudolph Spreckels. The Call became the personal organ of John D.'s youngest brother, with whom he has not exchanged a greeting for nearly twenty years. The brothers are now engaged in a fight to a finish over their father's will. John D., if for no other reason, did not wish Rudolph to be reinforced in that contest by the power of the district attorney's office. Therefore, to the chagrin of the editor and the manager, John D. ordained that not a line of editorial support should be given to Heney during the campaign. This anomalous position gave the Bulletin the opportunity to charge its former ally with rank treachery and to exalt itself as the only Simon-pure champion of the "graft prosecutor." San Francisco, November 2. R. H. C.

MRS. PANKHURST AND MILITANT SUFFRAGE

IT WAS a notable company of women that gathered in Carnegie Hall, recently, to welcome Mrs. Pankhurst to New York. Long before seven o'clock they began to gather, and even after the hall was filled to capacity the line extended four abreast up the street and around the corner. The three thousandfortunates, some with "suffragist leanings and militant doubts," many present only out of curiosity to see "a hooligan woman" and a militant suffragist, were won over to sympathy with the great leader. On the platform were seated four hundred self-supporting women, representing all the trades and professions. Of these three have the right to vote—but they were Maori women with tattooed faces, fresh from New Zealand, and now playing at the Hippodrome. The others, teachers, dentists, trained nurses, actresses, musicians, explorers, civil engineers, architects, writers, sculptors, journalists, lawyers, doctors, librarians, telegraphers, represented the disfranchised.

Mme. Garden Bartlett of the Boston Symphony opened the program with a song, appropriately set to the stirring air of the Marseillaise. Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, the chairman of the meeting, presented Miss Inez Milholland, the Vassar graduate, who has recently made an unsuccessful attempt to open the Harvard law school to women. Miss Milholland read the greetings of prominent leaders of the suffrage movement all over the country. Rev. Anna Shaw, president of the National Suffrage Society, and Mrs. Raymond Robins, president of the National Trades Union League, with a few well-chosen and effective words welcomed Mrs. Pankhurst as the greatest leader of modern times.

Whatever one's preconceived notion of an English suffragette might be, it was illuminated by the sight of this little woman. No one with sensitive sympathies could look at her and hear her gentle, well-bred voice without stopping to question the attitude of the conservative who condemns what he knows nothing about on no better ground than that "he likes a womanly woman"—whatever that may be. Mrs. Pankhurst is herself the best answer to her critics. To come in contact with her is to feel two things—the justice of her cause and the strength and poise of this woman who is fighting to win.

In a beautiful velvet gown of purple, with a touch of green and white, the suffragette colors, she was very good to look upon and easily justified the impression that in her youth she was the most beautiful woman in England, yet she does not look old enough to be the woman who earned the money to send four children through the English universities. In her beautifully modulated English voice, which carried to the limits of the huge hall, she told simply and well the story of the suffrage movement in England. "I am not going to tell you why we need the vote in England," she said, "but how we are going to get it." She is saturated with this thing she is advocating. It is not something she knows from the outside, that she has read of in books. It is a thing that is part of her life. What she knows she knows from personal experience. And because she has felt so keenly the degradation of her disfranchisement, because she knows the difficulty that a woman experiences in earning her living and supporting a family without a vote, because she has faced prison for her belief in the righteousness of her cause, and is ready to face death, because she rejects hysteria and emotionalism and coolly and deliberately chooses a course of action that leads straight to her goal, because she has the saving grace of humor that extracts fun out of a situation that is ghastly in its grimness, because she is in command of herself and of her subject and tells her story simply, we listened, and, listening, we were convinced.

Step by step militant methods have been forced upon women by the English government. Not one move has been made by the women that was not an answer to a move of the government. If, after peaceful presentation of their cause, women have found that the government will listen to one argument only, they are driven to use that argument, and in their use of it they have been, up to the present time, very mild, if one compares what they have done with what men have done to win political freedom. In the beginning, a delegation of women was sent to Sir Henry Bannerman, the coming premier, but he was too busy receiving delegations of voters to see them.

Then they went to see Balfour, who, as the losing candidate, presumably had more time. Balfour was perfectly frank. He told them that he was in favor of equal suffrage, but that in his opinion women never would have the suffrage if they depended upon the righteousness of their cause to win it for them; to be successful they must in some way make it a political issue.

This the women set about doing. But it was a herculean task, because the press boycotted them. No matter what happened, the papers took no heed. The subject was not mentioned. This was fatal, because if the papers do not say the women want the vote, no one knows they want it. It was necessary to break the press boycott. One day Annie Kenny, a factory girl, went to a Liberal meeting, and, after the speech was over, in accordance with the good old English custom, she rose to ask a question. "Will the Liberal candidate support woman suffrage?" she said. Immediately she was dragged down. "Write your question," she was told. She wrote the question, and saw it taken to the platform. It was ignored, though all the while men were speaking from the floor and having their questions answered. She rose again. "I demand an answer to my question," she said. At once she was seized and roughly dragged from the room, calling as she went, "Answer my question." Outraged at this manifestly unfair treatment, Christabel Pankhurst, who was with her, rose and took up the cry. She, too, was seized and dragged from the room, though on the platform were seated men who had known her and her father before her, men who had received hospitality in her home, but who now made no protest in the name of justice. Outside, the crowd joined them in an indignation meeting. They were arrested and sent to jail, charged with "obstructing the police in the performance of their duty."

All England rang with it. At last the press boycott was broken. Mrs. Pankhurst went to her daughter in prison and asked to be allowed to pay her fine, so that she might come home. "Mother," said Christabel, "if you pay my fine I will never come home." The press boycott was broken, but that did not mean fair treatment. The newspapers do not yet report accurately what women do. It is well known that reporters are instructed to report women's meetings amusingly. Women continued to go to public meetings, and continued to ask the very pertinent question. Finally, the situation became embarrassing to party leaders, with the result that in England, presumably one of the most democratic countries in the world, no open political meetings are held. Men are allowed to attend, if they have tickets, but women not at all. So long then as they could not ask questions, although well within their rights in putting a question in a public meeting, the women resorted to the time-honored custom which has always been regarded as an inalienable right of the British subject—the right to petition the king. They prepared a petition and started to take it to the king's representative. They were met by the police, and then occurred the historic episode when Mrs. Pankhurst slapped the policeman.

As leader, she was responsible for her followers, they were being subjected to a kind of treatment that would have meant great personal injury, as well as loss of dignity. She saw that she must in some way bring the incident to a close. So she raised her hand and very deliberately and firmly laid it against the inspector's check. The women were then arrested on the technical charge of assault. Deprived of two time-honored rights, the women were left with only one way to get a message into the house. They wrote the message on paper, weighted it with a stone and threw it into the house. One does not advocate stone-throwing, but if the government can understand only that kind of argument, it must be resorted to. And there have not been so many stones thrown—perhaps fifty. And where did the women learn the trick? From the men. When the men wanted a measure passed, they broke all the windows in a certain town and they got what they wanted. The women learned then that force is at times very effective. It looks now as if the women had the government of England cornered.

Women are not arrayed against men in their fight for the suffrage, but against the government. For the tactics of the government are winning the women friends from all men who like fair

play. The women who were sent to prison decided not to eat. The government then turned them loose, virtually saying, "We imprisoned you because we wanted to control you, but not being able to control you, you may as well go free." The second time women refused to eat, the government, fearing that male criminals might try the same method of winning freedom, forcibly fed them. Now ninety women are under sentence. But a magistrate has at last been found who thinks that perhaps the women are within their rights in presenting their petition. If the courts decide in favor of the women, the government will have to receive the largest deputation that has yet stormed its doors. If it is decided that their method is unconstitutional, ninety women are waiting to go to jail, and the government will have to feed, by force, ninety women or let them starve.

It is a difficult situation. They cannot frighten women who are ready to face death, life imprisonment or perpetual disfranchisement if they can win the ballot for their sisters. The militants say, "Punish us in any way you like, but give the franchise to peaceful women. You would better do it now. For you have driven us to fight, and we intend to win." The movement in England is at last where no political party can afford to overlook it. It is easy to see that under her poise, Mrs. Pankhurst is a seething volcano. A fire burns within her that will give her courage to win her fight; she is not a fighter who will waste her strength in ineffective blows, she will endure to the end. As she speaks there is one thing that stirs the wonder, not that women have at last resorted to militant methods, but that they have been so long in doing it, that for so long they have been bound by the fetich of the masculine idea of woman's sphere and of what a "womanly woman" should be. Most men seem to need the undivided attention of one woman to be comfortable. It is only when they see an indication that this comfort possibly may be disturbed that they begin to express their views as to what it is to be "womanly."

At the close of the meeting, two stock questions were asked and answered in an illuminating way. "Will giving the vote to women not increase the ignorant vote?" In reply, the Rev. Anna Shaw said, "Yes, it will increase the ignorant vote. There are sixteen million women who are eligible to vote. Of these four million are illiterate. That leaves twelve million intelligent women. There are four million illiterate men, so you see there are enough intelligent women to use four million to wipe out the illiterate men, four million to wipe out the illiterate women and have four million left to add to the intelligent vote of the country." If universal suffrage were granted there would be more women than men who could read the ballot they voted. The present ballot was imported from Australia, where both men and women vote, but in this country, where only men vote, it was necessary to place the party emblems above the columns, a thing unheard of in Australia, for it was judged that no man, however stupid, could fail to distinguish a rooster from an eagle.

"If women get the vote, what will become of the children, if there are any?" In answer to this, Mrs. Pankhurst pointed out that it is precisely because women care for their children that they want the vote. Men, in their legislative capacity, are forever interfering with the rights of the mother, the one matter that is universally conceded to be the business of women. When a woman brings children into the world, it would seem that she is nearer to them than any other human being, but the courts judge that the father is next of kin. In Louisiana, in event of the father's death, a mother can control her children only through the courtesy of her husband's family. In California, it may be remembered, a bill was defeated recently which had for its object the making of the mother co-guardian with the father of their children.

When women are deprived of such primitive rights it is not surprising that they demand protection through the ballot. And it is not surprising that they have lost faith in the protective care of men. Chivalry is all very well, but it does not seem to affect anything very vital, and it is strange there remain women who, in the face of facts, still believe that men are their natural protectors, and that they will lose a priceless but

vague "something" if they attempt to win the right to attend to their own affairs. There are six million working women in the country today. When it comes to earning the money to pay for food and clothes, these women find they have little help from any "natural protector." That their interests should be left in the hands of the other sex is absurd, for however much men may want to legislate for the best interests of women, they are without the knowledge of conditions that will allow them to do it.

* * *

In England the course that women must take to gain the suffrage is clearly mapped out. There is one man, the premier, to appeal to, and by a process of elimination the effective method is being evolved. In America, the way is not yet so clear. Conditions are different here, and methods of presenting the cause must differ accordingly. The principle is the same; equal suffrage must be made a political issue, and there must be a distinct relation between the thing that is sought and the thing that is done. The women of the east are aroused as they have never been before. Emancipation is coming, and coming soon. No one who has studied the processes of history and sees the present trend of things can doubt it for a moment. The curious thing is that those in power are willing to put themselves on record as deliberate retarders of one of the greatest reforms of modern times. They cannot stop, but they can delay the movement, and they can force the issue until a revolution, such as the world has not seen for many a year, is upon us.

* * *

It is all very well to say woman must wait for evolution to fit her for the ballot. It is not evolution that is in the air now. It is revolution. When, by a supreme effort, she has thrown off the yoke, not women alone but men as well will find they have advanced in the process of unfolding. It is not the plant hidden under the weight of an oppressing rock, but the one that can lift its head upward in freedom toward the light of the sun that unfolds its full powers. So long as women are not treated as the civil equals of men they cannot reach their high-water mark in science, in art, or in business. It is nonsense to say to them, wait until you have produced a Shakespeare, a Homer or a Beethoven, and we will talk about giving you the suffrage. How many men are Homers or Shakespeares or Beethovens? It is equally silly to say, wait until the whole body of women want the suffrage and we will give it to you. Did the body of negroes want it when it was given them? Does the whole body of white men want it now? They certainly do not all go to the polls.

* * *

Step by step women have been deprived by advancing civilization of occupations that have been theirs for centuries, from the weaving and dyeing of cloth to the baking of bread and pies. They have active brains and active hands. They cannot sit idle. The occupations that have disappeared from the home they must win back commercially. They must work and work under the best conditions. And only the ballot can make the conditions right. Women are beginning to realize this. Those who have not already learned it will learn it as they come more and more under the influence of that great woman, Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, and of others like her. When such a woman says, calmly, "I am ready to die for this thing, I am ready to bear insult and contumely, I am ready to make every personal sacrifice if I can win it, not for myself, but for other women, you may be sure that she or one coming after her very soon will win. Men are beginning to see that they must divide the power they have been wielding so long, and they are holding out against it with a tremendous grip, but the battle is upon them, and it is as "justifiable as any that has been fought in the history of the world."

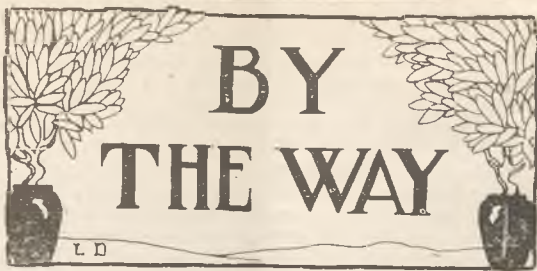
New York, November 1. ANNE PAGE.

Fast Asleep

Backward and forward the rocker goes,
Wafting the baby to sweet repose;
Close by the cradle the mother croons
Lullaby, rock-a-bye nursery tunes;
Dreamily singing she patiently tries
Sleep to bring to the baby's eyes.

Minute by minute the evening flits,
Still in the chair she drowsily sits;
Soothing and rubbing the aching gums,
Longing for slumber that never comes;
Rocking the baby that fretfully lies,
Filling the room with its nervous cries.

Weary with watching the mother sings,
Woofing the god with the leaden wings;
Softer and softer the ditty grows,
Now the little one's eyelids close;
Sinking at last into dreamland deep—
Mother and baby are fast asleep.—S. T. C.



Clemency in a Wrong Cause

If it be true that "Kid" Thompson, professional train wrecker and about the worst bad man this section has known since the days of Tiburcio Vasquez, is about to be paroled from Folsom penitentiary, then it is time for the community to voice a protest that the governor's office cannot afford to ignore. Let me see, was it not about two weeks ago that a superior judge of exceptional erudition, up in the cow belt, in the northern part of the state, sent to San Quentin a sixteen-year-old youngster who had purloined goods and chattels to the value of seven dollars, so the dispatches said. This lad received a sentence of several years, and while Governor Gillett declared in a newspaper interview that state's prison was no place for one of his tender years, so far as I know, the youth at this time is serving out his prison term. But if it is good for the state that he be immured in San Quentin, how much better for the commonwealth that "Kid" Thompson, a "lifer," should remain behind the bars, even though he has been incarcerated fourteen years.

"Kid" Thompson's Crime

Doubtless, a lot of people never have heard of "Kid" Thompson. Let me enlighten them. It was he who held up and robbed a Southern Pacific train, out near Roscoe station, a few miles the other side of Burbank. Alva Johnson, another of the same type, was with "Kid" when the trick was turned. If memory does not play me false, murder entered into the proceedings of that night, and the crime had not a single mitigating circumstance. Johnson, who also was sent up for life, was pardoned three years ago, and now Thompson, it appears, is about to be turned loose. Thompson sought to dig his way out of jail here, pending his sentence, and up in Folsom he has led at least one desperate revolt, in an effort to reach freedom. Is it any wonder that the administration of the criminal law in this state is, in spots, utterly inexcusable? While we still aim, at times, to give the first offender another chance, the parole law enacted at the last session of the legislature appears to be a step in the wrong direction, not in what it was sought by its promoters to accomplish, but rather in the manner in which clemency has been known frequently to be exercised. Lest these reflections may be considered harsh, let any skeptic interview Miles Bowler, Southern Pacific secret service superintendent here, who, as a police officer on the Los Angeles force, brought about the Thompson-Johnson convictions.

True Object of Probation Law

Superior Judge Willis seems to realize the true object of the probation law, which, at times, is not always interpreted as it should be, from the viewpoint of the practical penologist. This statute was enacted with the sole idea of reclaiming the first offender, providing his crime were of a character that proved it a misstep, an error. To condemn such a one to the penitentiary has come to be considered, ethically, at least, a worse crime against society than the original offending. It is not to be denied that where proper punishment is not meted out for breaking the law, crime is certain to increase. When Judge Willis declined to admit to probation, recently, the head and front of an apparently organized syndicate, whose members had been operating extensively as professional deed forgers, sending the criminal to prison for a long term, he evinced a clear idea of the probation law that is strongly recommended to other members of the judiciary for their guidance.

Judge Lovett's Predilections

California need expect little or no change in the conduct of Southern Pacific politics, under the administration of Judge Robert S. Lovett, the new head of what was the Harriman system. Former Texans, now residents of Los Angeles, who have known Judge Lovett for years, say that his personality is most delightful, open-heartedness being one of his chief characteristics. But the judge is a firm believer in the theory that corporations at times must get into politics if they are to protect the property of their stockholders. Moreover, under the new Southern Pacific regime, the power of W. F. Herrin in the

state will not be less than it has been for the last ten years. In fact, it is not unlikely that Mr. Herrin will be more powerful than ever before. Judge Lovett is a lawyer of the Herrin school. The new head will visit Los Angeles this winter, on his first tour of inspection. William Mahl, the new Southern Pacific vice-president, formerly comptroller of the company, has been a part of the corporation for forty years. He is a former resident of San Francisco, and of Los Angeles, who was taken to New York by Mr. Harriman when the latter first became a power in what was at the time the Collis P. Huntington railroad property.

What the Official Figures Tell

If the figures sent out officially from Sacramento are correct, giving California a population of 2,000,000, then the growth since 1900 has been in Los Angeles city about four to one, as compared with the remainder of the state. Los Angeles county has contributed more than one-half of the entire added population since the last federal census was taken. At that time we had in this city a total of 102,000, and the aggregate next year is fairly certain to show at least 325,000, making our growth in the city pretty close to fifty per cent of the 500,000 gain in the state.

San Diego Entitled to It

Although Senator Flint has introduced a bill in congress appropriating a million dollars for the proposed world's fair to be held in San Diego in 1915, San Francisco is about to launch a similar enterprise, which cannot fail to injure San Diego's chances, as, of course, the state must pull together in such an undertaking if federal aid is to be enlisted. San Diego, by reason of her enterprise, is entitled to the support sought, and Los Angeles should be big enough to pitch in and help her sister city.

Big Buildings to Go Up Soon

In the remarkable building boom which the city is certain to enjoy the coming year, the blocks bounded by Fifth, Sixth, Main streets and Broadway will make a showing that will prove an eye-opener to all of us. The list of proposed improvements in this particular territory includes the projected \$2,000,000 Los Angeles Trust building of eleven stories, at Sixth and Spring, the eight story, \$600,000 Hayward Hotel annex, Sixth street near Spring; the new Pantages Theater, on Broadway near Sixth, to cost \$600,000 and to include eight stories of office room; the new \$2,000,000 ten-story Alexandria Hotel annex on Broadway and Fifth; the \$2,000,000 office building, ten stories high, to built by the Rowan-Billicke interests at Fifth and Spring streets, and a few others of lesser importance. I doubt if any other city in the United States will have an equal number of big buildings representing so large an outlay, all being rushed to completion at the same time.

Big Investments in Mexico

Conditions in Mexico have begun to worry investors hereabouts who are materially interested in that country. As Southern California capital is affected to the extent of several million dollars across the border, rumors of political troubles below the Rio Grande naturally cause Los Angelenos to pay more attention to conditions in the sister republic than does any other portion of the United States. Wall street probably alone excepted. In the Mexican Petroleum Company, for instance, E. L. Doheny and his associates have an investment representing about \$100,000,000, while the same interests control the gas plant of the city of Mexico, worth about \$10,000,000, not to speak of ranches and mining properties they own down there, held at about \$50,000,000 more. In addition, the Sinaloa Land Company, just again getting on its feet, has a domain in the state from which it derives its corporate name, said to be worth a fortune of seven figures, and others in Los Angeles own or control land and mineral holdings in the southern republic that easily increase the total of such investments, so far as this section is concerned, to \$250,000,000. There is little doubt, that, barring the New York financial district, Southern California has more real money in Diazland than all the remainder of the United States combined.

Much Truth in Magazine Article

Articles on "Barbarous Mexico," now appearing in the American Magazine, have been subjected to severe criticism, but persons who know the country well tell me that the facts are not overstated. Former American residents of Mexico, now living in Los Angeles with their families, do not hesitate to say that from personal knowledge the details in the magazine, referring to the Yaqui Indians and their deportation to Yucatan,

are comparatively easy of corroboration. While the Chamber of Commerce did a courteous act in inviting President Diaz here at the recent Taft festivities, considering that De Lara and a number of his fellow sympathizers make this city their headquarters, it was rather a grim joke. In letters from high Mexican officials that have reached here recently, the statement is made that for good reasons the Diaz invitation was not allowed to reach the president.

Wouldn't Rent Them the House

Six school teachers of Los Angeles, all of the gentler sex and of personable appearance, decided recently to rent a furnished house and keep "bachelor" hall together. It was arranged that the quest for a suitable place should be made in pairs, and the best bargain and likeliest offer should be visited by the sextette and passed upon before making a lease. The first and second pair reported, but their finds were not received with enthusiasm. The third couple seemed to have just what all wanted, but, to their chagrin, it was not obtainable. The first and second set of house hunters wondered why. Did you tell them it was for six school teachers? they demanded. Well, no; they did not. They explained that they did not care to say they were school teachers, but that the house was wanted by six professional women, who elected to live together. The agent, they complained, was almost insulting in his gruff declination to let them have it. "Almost as if we were not respectable," indignantly exclaimed the younger of the two rebuffed teachers.

Luncheon to "Grandpa" Foster

That was a most impressive luncheon which a dozen of "Grandpa" Newton Foster's intimate friends gave him Wednesday at the California Club, to welcome his return from the east. The walls of the directors' room were decorated with mottoes, all favorite expressions employed by Newton in apostrophizing his associates and commenting on current events. The decorations were vegetables, in deference to the honored guest's well-known vegetarian views, and a line of water cress around the table signified his adherence to strict temperance principles. A handsomely decorated bowl, filled with his favorite fruit—lemons—was at Mr. Foster's plate when he was led to his seat amid the applause of his hosts. It was a merry occasion.

Part of New York Contingent Returns

With the exception of Colonel and Mrs. William M. Garland, Mrs. Walter Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bryan, Miss Bryan and Mrs. L. T. Bradford, the Los Angeles colony recently gathered in New York is home again, including Mr. and Mrs. Russell McDonald Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Newton Foster, Jack Tanner and Carroll Allen. "Bob" Flint and his bride are expected home any day, having arrived in New York from abroad two weeks ago. Dr. and Mrs. Bryant were away six weeks, in which time the doctor was an assiduous attendant at the famous hospitals of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, where he saw many "beautiful" operations.

Fred Johnson's Painful Accident

That was a painful accident which befell Fred O. Johnson, proprietor of the Westminster Hotel, a few days ago. He was cranking his Peerless machine when the lever jerked free of his grasp, and, whirling rapidly, struck his right arm a terrific blow, fracturing the bones close to the wrist. While Fred is a philosopher, it has taken all his fortitude to maintain his poise, owing to the pain resulting. The bones have not yet begun to knit, but the suffering is less intense, and the patient was down town Wednesday for the first time since the accident. He will be deprived of his favorite recreation of billiards at the club for many weeks in consequence.

Permanent Ore and Oil Exhibits Insured

President Calvert Wilson, of the Chamber of Mines, advises me that the railroads have agreed to transport all ore specimens free of charge, thus enabling the institution to collect a permanent mining exhibit, which should prove of great value to the mining interests of the southwest. The Chamber of Mines is the logical sponsor of such an exhibit, and in granting a free rate on all ore and oil specimens consigned to the chamber from points in Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, California and Old Mexico, the railroads operating lines in the territory named have shown a commendable public spirit. This concession offers excellent opportunity for the various commercial organizations of the southwest to see that their mineral-bearing districts are properly represented by a thoroughly classified and comprehensive exhibit of minerals, ores and non-metallic geologic products. President Wilson

points out that these exhibits stimulate interest in mining matters, and serve to demonstrate the value of the mining industry to the country at large.

New Band Stand Needed

What Central Park needs to make the municipal band music really enjoyable is a new down-to-date band stand. As the prevailing winds are from the south, it has been wisely suggested that the stand be erected on the south side of the square, facing north, and in the center of the block. With a sounding board hood and enough bench seats installed immediately in front to accommodate from five hundred to one thousand people, the public would have excellent opportunity to enjoy the music provided. There would be no difficulty in hearing the band from any portion of the park square by this arrangement.

Eastern Insurance Company Enters Disclaimer

Willis Booth assures me that the eastern insurance company, stated in these columns to have "renigged" on its school bond subscription of \$100,000 or any part of it, at all times stood ready to make good its offer, and that through no fault of the company its bid was unaccepted. I have no desire to do the Travelers an injustice. I was told that the local agent did not conform to the requirements met by all other subscribers, hence did not get any bonds. Apparently there was a misunderstanding at the eastern end as to what was needed. The agent here was handicapped by having to follow the set formula of the parent office, which did not satisfy the trustee company handling the bonds.

Sacrificing the Old-Time Names

When Requena street, that mellifluous Spanish name, remindful of the early days of Los Angeles, of the pueblo, was sacrificed to Market street, a meaningless appellation entirely without individuality, I voiced a regret that such disregard for the picturesque in street nomenclature should be evinced. Now, another old-time name has disappeared in Buena Vista street, and a still later one, Downey avenue, both of which thoroughfares are hereafter to be known as North Broadway. It is a mistake. We should cling to the old associations instead of striving to eliminate them. They are to eastern visitors a relic of the days when the gringo was but a minor part of the whole, instead of, as now, the predominating factor. Is North Broadway or Hill or Main streets to be compared with the soft and meaningful Spanish names for assonant beauty? But what does the average city council care?

Local Reformers Not Disheartened

What with the defeat of Francis J. Heney and the election of P. H. McCarthy as mayor of San Francisco, it would not be surprising if local Good Government forces were feeling measurably discouraged. But a veteran campaigner like Marshall Stimson, who is a close student of conditions, insists that while disappointed in the San Francisco result, he is convinced the majority of voters here are of an entirely different caliber from those in the northern city, and he adds, "The cause of good government is much too sacred to be affected adversely by anything that is not in keeping with it in importance."

Werdin Would be Sheriff

Ever heard of Ernest R. Werdin? Probably so. Well, Ernest is a candidate for sheriff of Los Angeles county, and already his picturesque campaign in that direction has begun to take on the usual rainbow-colored hue. Werdin is scattering to the four winds of heaven tiny cards inscribed, "Keep This—Watch It Grow—Boost." I doubt if the former superintendent of streets will land the prize he is seeking, but his entrance into the political controversy next year is certain to add space to the campaign and may cause Sheriff Hammel no little uneasiness.

Who is the Aspirant?

According to a newspaper dispatch, a member of the California delegation in the lower house of congress is stated to be an aspirant to succeed Speaker Cannon. I wonder who the unknown can be? A survey of the list in its entirety does not aid in solving the riddle. Engelbright of Humboldt, in the First district, does not appear at this distance to measure up to the distinction; MacKinlay, in the Second district, is not believed to harbor ambitions in that direction. In the Third district it is possible that J. R. Knowland of Alameda may be so inclined, but I doubt it. He is much too sensible to be attracted toward an honor he realizes he cannot attain. As for Julius Kahn—well! That would be a joke. Representative Hayes of San Jose

might be the man, or Congressman J. A. Needham of Modesto. Neither our own James McLachlan, nor yet Congressman Smith of Bakersfield is so foolish as to waste energy in the attempt. But the next speaker will not be "Uncle Joe" Cannon, I'll wager a cooky.

Hugh Foster's Untimely Demise

With regret I learn of the death, at San Diego this week, of Hugh Foster, a graduate of Stanford University and a cousin of Fielding J. and Carroll A. Stilson of this city. Mr. Foster was a nephew of former Secretary of State John W. Foster, and up to the time of his illness represented the Colorado Iron and Fuel Company at Seattle. He was a young man of delightful personality, whose early demise was directly attributable to overwork.

Luther Brown in Northern Campaign

Luther Brown emerges from the recent San Francisco municipal conflict with augmented reputation as a political manager. It is said that he was given unlimited funds to defeat Heney, and he did not hesitate. He is nobody's fool, however, and the ward workers did not find him an easy mark, by any means. He demanded results for all his expenditures, and judging by the vote Tuesday he was not bunkoed.

Surrender

The pools of the fire, the blood-red fire, are spilling their light on the floor;
The purr of the flames, the ruddy flames, is mocking the wind at the door;
The plaint of a song with passion theme is stirring the heart of me—
(Ah, love, hold me close that I may drown the call of the Circean sea).

The mourn of the sea, the grieving sea, is harsh in the pattering rain;
The fret of the wind, the boasting wind, is tapping the vine on the pane;
The soul of the storm is voicing low a challenge from wind and sea—
(Ah, stir from your dreams and hold me close; the gypsies are singing to me).

And out with the siren elf of night I go in the teeth of the wind,
The sorrowful road of yesterday is lengthening dimly behind;
I thrill with the touch of the bitter spray, the tears of the wailing sea;
(Ah, Heart of my Heart, I'm bride of the storm, the gypsies are calling to me).

The soul of the storm, the wild, sad storm, takes form in the gray of the mist,
It touches my lips with cool, sweet mouth that only the rain has kissed;
It couches the wearied limbs of me with arms that are tender and warm—
(Ah, Heart of my Heart, I go from you to follow the soul of the storm).

It touches my face with fragrant breath that smells of the wind and the heath;
Caresses my eyes with tender hands that laved in the river of Lethe;
It sings of the frowning sea and sky, of night and the sweep of the road;
(Ah, Heart of my Heart, I go from you to gladden the storm's abode).

The pools of the fire, the red peat fire, are spilling their light on the floor;
But I shall be gone from the firelit walls and vanished forevermore;
(Ah, Heart of my Heart, no more will you sing your song that is passion-warm;
The gypsies have won my restless heart; I follow the soul of the storm).

—CAROLINE REYNOLDS.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings

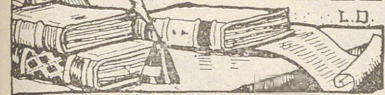
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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



Letters out of a bygone time are always delightful when the letter-writer gossips, for it is the details secured by historians that give life and reality to any age. The letters of "Madame," wife of the brother of Louis XIV., throw most brilliant lights upon that glittering court. Madame came from Germany, the daughter of an elector, whose heritage had been ruined by wars. Her wit and good sense, together with her kind heart and sincere Protestant piety, make her a distinct figure against the artificial background of the French court. The daughter of Louis XIII.'s brother, le grand-maître, has given a description of Madame's arrival, and naively remarks, after describing her dress, "When one comes from Germany, one has not a French air about one." Mathew Marais wrote in his diary in 1722, "They have composed a satirical epitaph on Madame. Here lies idleness, the mother of all vice." That is directed against her who did neither good nor ill to anyone, and against her son, the regent, of whom the same cannot be said.

She amounted to a great deal, as her letters show, and her tact and wisdom must have been considerable to enable her to walk safely through the meshes of intrigue that caught less wary feet. She writes in 1690: "The poor dauphiness is again very bad; they are killing her through sadness. They are trying their best to do the same for me, but I am a harder nut than the dauphiness, and before the old women eat me up, they are likely to lose a few teeth." She was not too humble, as this plainly shows, nor was she afraid. The letters from the court were likely to be opened, so she often added spirited remarks for the benefit of prying eyes. Her comments upon her state, her restrictions and her associates are most keen and amusing. Ranking second to the empress in precedence, she was a daughter of France and entitled to be called "your royal highness." She was provided with a household entirely separate from her husband's, with her first equerry, first almoner, first master of the household, squires, pages, women of bed chamber, legal advisers, physicians, etc., to the number of two hundred.

For these posts the incumbents paid large sums of money, and as they must be changed every three months, there was need to make much of opportunities for reimbursing themselves, so, as Madame says, they learn to steal finely. She calls an enfant de France, a "crowned slave." At the end of each year all Madame's dresses went to the mistress of the wardrobe; all her linen undergarments, skirts, etc., went to the first woman of the bed chamber. In the event of her death, the master of the household had a lien on her silver, the first equerry on the coaches. She really had no possessions at all, as the furniture at Versailles was the king's; that in the Palais Royal was her son's.

Think of being denied the luxury of an old lounging robe and pair of slippers, softened by long use! And in return merely the right to sit while others stand. The court revels and rules of dress sound extravagant and senseless, until the letters remind one that it was in this way the king built up the finer industries of France. He promised to buy each year certain amounts of rich fabrics, tapestries, jewelry and furnishings, thus insuring prosperity and protection to home industries. It sounds quite like a subsidy to modern ears.

One or more plays formed part of every fete given at Versailles, the stage sometimes managed by Moliere himself, while not only his plays, but those of Racine and Corneille were given first hearings there. The king's favorites are mentioned often in these letters. Madame de la Valliere was at court when Madame arrived, but was soon superseded by Madame de Montespan, whom she was compelled to serve. Later, she retired from the world and became a Carmelite nun. Montespan, Madame calls the wickedest woman in

the world; she held the king by love potions under the advice of sorcerers, and was accused of poisoning her enemies. She bore the king seven children, and he showered gold and favors upon her, while his infatuation lasted. She was supplanted by Madame de Maintenon, the governess of her children.

Madame looked upon De Maintenon as an upstart, and deplored her influence upon the king. She was cold, calculating and bigoted, and made the monarch cruel, which he was not by nature. Madame lived to see her son regent of France, the etiquette and customs of court quite changed, and died sternly and conservatively in 1722, having passed more than forty years near the French throne. ("A Lady of the Old Regime." By Ernest F. Henderson. The Macmillan Co.)

M. H. C.

"Your Child and Mine"

Having picked the adult human heart to pieces and watched the wheels go round in the various supreme occasions of throbbing existence, the embryo man and woman must needs be placed under the glass next. But, thank goodness, normally and usually, it is a pleasanter sight! The former tends to the cruel and bizarre in literature, to cynicism; the latter, to the tender and ideal, to optimism—at least, this is the feeling on reading such books as "Your Child and Mine," by Anne Warner. Doubtless, it would be fine if all boys and girls were as sweet and noble as rebellious little Cornwallis, who pondered beyond the ken of his elders the mysterious disappearance of his lovely mamma; or Gerard, whose lessons in chivalry and ideal love were so ably begun at a very early age; or Brian, a little English gentleman who innocently inquired, "Auntie, when you want to do something and something stops you—something that isn't anything—what is it that stops you?" Along with the fairies and their dainty gossamer revels, in this charming collection, mingle the matter-of-fact problems of the little folks—real, true stories that contain lessons which the grown-ups need quite as much as boys and girls. Like a delicate bit of filigree is "The Parting of the Clouds," almost too subtle in its lines for any but those taught in the refining school of pain. However, any little girl can guess who the fairy is that helps the French peasant woman, and any laddie will understand what Prince understood "Through the Eyes of a Dog"—besides, who can tell how soon a finer appreciation comes? It would not be amiss to introduce to "your child and mine" the small heroes and heroines of this loving offering. ("Your Child and Mine," By Anne Warner. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Miss Selina Lue"

Dialect stories, to be popular, must be far above the average, but southern dialect is not so difficult to appreciate as Scotch or Irish. "Miss Selina Lue" is such an one. It describes Tennessee life at a boat-landing village, and, curiously enough, there is no local "color." Selina Lue is a big-hearted spinster, and a wonder. She keeps the neighborhood grocery and conducts, from unbounded love, what now would be called a day nursery—taking care of half a dozen babies of the vicinity. These she deposits in soap-box cribs in the back room. She is mother to the entire bluff, and between times is kept busy applying "camphire" to bruises, burns and bee-stings. She is a good deal of a homely philosopher. Samples of her logic are worth repeating:

Don't nothing put the heart in a broken-down woman like a little loving.

When I see a curl of religion sprouting up, I think it's best ter kinder shine on it pleasant-like, but not to take too much notice until it roots good.

If the men folks have to put all their lives into making of the money to live on, looks like the women oughter put a little common sense and elbow grease into helping 'em get some comfort outen it as they go along.

Though Selina Lue is unlettered, she seems to have no difficulty in understanding the artist when he uses such phrases in conversation as, "Has the courage of her predilections," and "Teach her to negate pain." The love part of the story is furnished by Alan Kent, an artist, who takes up his quarters in Selina's barn, and Cynthia Page, the sweet girl who lives "in the big house with white pillars on the hill." Kent is to be envied; he hasn't a rival and his courtship is as smooth as a summer sea. The story is rather amateurish in places, as where the babies are always just going to sleep. The leading character is ridiculously over-

Susanna and Sue

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Sue and her mother, to escape the unkindness of her drunken father, flee to a quaint Shaker settlement. There the little girl develops into a character of rare and whimsical charm, while her mother learns the real meaning of love. Illustrated in color by Alice Barber Stephens and decorated by N. C. Wyeth; 8vo, 225 pages. Houghton-Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

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drawn, but Miss Daviess knows the ways of children, and will improve with future writings. ("Miss Selina Lue," By Marie Thompson Daviess. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Much of Mr. Roosevelt's story of African hunting is of other people's hunting, but readers of Scribner's are getting detailed accounts of the country through which the ex-president's party is pursuing its big game. Lions, elephants, buffalo and zebra have almost to be shoved from the trails, they are so plentiful. It is surprising that such trivial photographs should be chosen by the publishers to illustrate the text. A half page in the November Scribner's given to "Noon at Ngami, Sir Alfred Pease bending over behind Mr. Roosevelt," with Mr. Roosevelt doing nothing more momentous than passing the salt, is silly, to say the least. Kermit, who takes the pictures, evidently has the zeal of youth. But it is an interesting journey the strenuous ex-president is making, and is rich in results. "John Marvel, Assistant" is concluded in this number. Other fiction presented is by Henry B. Fuller, Anne O'Hagan and Richard Harding Davis.

In The Craftsman for November the leading article is of Edward Carpenter, the writer and well-known philosopher and disciple of the late Walt Whitman. M. Irwin MacDonald tells in interesting manner of a personal visit to Mr. Carpenter. A short descriptive article is presented with several of Glenn O. Coleman's sketches, which so sympathetically depict the undercurrents of New York life. Arthur Streeton, an Australian painter who has solved the problems of art in his own way, is the subject of a sketch by M. Irwin MacDonald. An entertaining contribution to all lovers of nature who are interested in the preservation of stately old trees, is also featured in this number under the topic of "Tree Surgery: A Lesson in the Care of Trees Along Scientific Lines." One of the best of the articles is on "The Destruction of American Forests: Our Loss and Our Compensation."

"Mexico of Today," by Arthur R. Hinton, is the leading article in the West Coast Magazine for November. The narrative touches on the labor conditions in that country, the policy as to foreigners, and laws governing civil and commercial policies there. Concluding the number are several other papers and stories by Margaret C. LaGrange, Elford Eddy, Laura Hussey, Kensett Rossiter, E. M. Wardwell, Elizabeth Baker Bohan, Emily DuBois, Willard Huntington Wright and Fredrika Nash.

Entertaining fiction as usual predominates in Harper's Magazine, and the current number is a delightfully readable one. Contributors of short stories are Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Norman Duncan, Emma Bell Miles, R. E. Vernede, Leo Crane, Georg Schock and Keene Abbott. John Landegon is the subject of William Gilmore Beysers' third of a series of articles on scout heroes of the Civil War. Lady St. Helier writes of London society in the sixties. The leading contribution is "Wild France," by Andre Castaigne, picturing the life, manners and customs of the peasants of La Camargue and contingent towns, as yet unvisited

OUT TODAY

When East Comes West.

Needles and Pins.

By the Author of

A Tenderfoot in Southern California

by the refining touch of civilization. "Getting the Traffic Through" is a descriptive story by Edward Hungerford concerning one phase of the great task of conducting a railroad system. The picturesque side of New York is depicted in a paper by Harrison Rhodes, with illustrative etchings by Joseph Pennell and photographs in tint. Charles S. Braddock, Jr., M.D., late chief medical inspector of the Royal Siamese government, writes of "The Older Siam."

J. Pierpont Morgan and his various collections of art are given consideration by Gardner Teall in the November Putnam's. The narrative shows a different phase of the great financier's life from that usually retailed. Gina Lombroso Ferrero writes of "Woman in America." Under the title "The Forest's Guardian," Day Allen Willey offers an entertaining story of Gifford Pinchot and his work. Henry A. Castle contributes a readable bit showing how the postal deficit could be changed into a government revenue by the introduction of prepaid return postage. Emerson Hough writes of "Texas Transformed," which is another title for "Texas Reformed." "New Zealand: The Brighter Britain of the Southern Pacific" is entertainingly presented by Willard French. San Francisco's former poet-mayor is a monograph sketch by Mabel Craft Deering. Short stories are contributed by Marjorie Wilcox and Eden Phillpotts.

Current Literature for November contains a diversified collection of timely topics, the gist of the world's events. The tour of the President is reviewed and political, commercial and domestic subjects are discussed. Ex-Judge Robert A. Lovett, financial head of the largest railway system in the country, is the subject of an interesting article. "The Religion of an Anarchist" is the leading article in the department on religion and ethics, and Prof. James' verdict on spiritualism is also of entertaining speculation. An informing paper is given of "Halley's Comet," the most famous comet in the universe. Of interest is the account given of the life of the boy Shah of Persia. The unhappy love affairs of literary men are reviewed and innumerable other current events of world-wide moment are related in readable articles.

In the November Biblot appears the essay by James Smetham, one of the Preraphaelite group, on Alexander Smith, whose famous work, "The Life Drama," brought the author fame after long waiting. Rossetti regarded this poetical performance "as just in criticism as it is excellent in style and rich in imagery." The essay by Mr. Smetham appeared originally in the London Quarterly Review, October, 1868, and was a review of Smith's "Last Leaves; Sketches and Criticisms."



By Blanche Rogers Lott

That the musical season is about to open seems certain. Free dates for the next few months are rare. Beginning with next Tuesday evening, November 9, the Ellis Club will open its winter series at Simpson Auditorium. The principal number on this program is Max Bruch's "Fr—," which is also on the first program of the Apollo clubs of Minneapolis and Chicago, David Bispham taking the leading solo part in Chicago. Among the other numbers are chorus of "Vintages and Boatmen" from Bruch's opera, "Loreley," and numbers by Sturm and Storch, a leading German composer of male quartets. The soloist is Mary Le Grand Reed, soprano, and Harry Clifford Lott is to sing the baritone solos in the Bruch cantata.

For the introductory concert of the Messrs. Koopman, Thursday evening, November 11, the program is: Trio, op. 11, No. 4, by Beethoven, violin, 'cello and piano; song, "Revenge, Timotheus Cries" (Handel), Harry Clifford Lott; violin, (a) Minuet (Mozart), (b) Tambourin (Le Clair), (c) Hebriden Tanz (Moffat), Jules Koopman; songs, (a) Schone Wiege, Meiner Leiden, (b) "The Two Grenadiers" (Schumann), Mr. Lott; 'cello, (a) Kol Nidrei (Max Bruch), (b) Serenade, (c) Arlequin (Popper); trio, Phantasiestucke, opus 88 (Schumann), Mrs. Lott, Messrs. Koopman. These gentlemen have come to Los Angeles to locate, from London, where they have lived many years, though Holland is their native land. Holland, by the way, is sending many of its artists to America this year. Mme. Jomelli; Tilly Koenen, who has achieved instantaneous success in New York; Conrad Bos, Wullner's clever accompanist; Willy Burmeister, who arrives in February, and others.

Date of Miss Helen Tappe's song recital has been changed to Tuesday evening, November 16, at the residence of Mrs. George J. Birkel. A program of Italian, French, German and English songs will be given by this gifted young singer, who is also a clever accompanist. She will be assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott, baritone and pianist.

Dominant Club members, comprising professional women musicians, are entertaining today at luncheon for Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, the great Dutch soprano, who achieved such marvelous success in this country last year. The club is to be felicitated on having this honor, for it was a good fortune that brought Mme. Jomelli and her violinist, Miss Nichols, and pianist, Miss Worden, here for Saturday and Sunday, previous to their northern California dates. November 18, Jomelli returns here to open the Philharmonic course, and the following day sings with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra in its opening concert. This meeting of the Dominants will be presided over by the new president, Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue, with the social committee, Mrs. Edmund Shank, in charge.

The recital given by the newly organized Institute of Musical Art at Venice, one evening of last week, was participated in by the members of the faculty, all well-known musicians. The program was as follows:

Organ, Intermezzo from "Trend of Time" (Girard), Harry Girard; piano, "Butterflies" (Grieg), Valise (Mozzkowski), Lillian Adams; songs, "L'ebreo" (Scene and Aria) (Giovanni Apolloni), "June Night" (Horatio Parker), "Hindoo Song" (Bemberg), "My Lady" (Capel), Harry Girard; Violin, Barcarolle (Tschalkowsky), Gavotte (Gossec), Minuet (Mozart), Russian Airs (Wienjowski), Arnold Krauss; song, "Se Scran Rose" (L'Arditi), S. Elizabeth Parker; piano, Nocturne (Chopin), Bourette, Musette, "Spinning Song" (Schoenefeld), Henry Schoenefeld.

Mr. Sessions' organ recital at Christ church, Wednesday evening, included these splendid numbers: Fantasia-Sonata, Op. 65 (Rheinberger), Evening Song (Baird), Intermezzo (Cal-laerts), Pique in D minor (Bach), Finale in B flat (Cesar Franck).

Miss Alice Coleman began a series

of three piano recitals at Throop Institute, Pasadena, Monday evening. Preceding the program devoted to Beethoven and Schuman, an excellent paper on the forerunners of the former was read by Miss Coleman. The program was:

Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2, Allegro—Andante with Variations—Scherzo; Sonata, Op. 53, Allegro Con Brio Adagio (Beethoven), Miss Coleman. Schone Wiege, Meiner Leiden; The Two Grenadiers (Schumann), Mr. Lott. Romance in F sharp major, op. 28; Aufschwung (Elevation, op. 12; Bird as Prophet, op. 82; The Allegro from the Faschingsschwank Aus Wien (Carnival in Vienna) (Schumann), Miss Coleman.

Miss Coleman is an untiring, earnest worker, and in these taxing selections showed herself more than ever before to be a pianist of broad knowledge. Her next program, in December, will be a Chopin and Liszt one.

Mrs. Robert Hosea, who was in Los Angeles more than a year ago, and has passed the intervening time in Italy and Paris, and only returned within the last few months to America, won one of the four free scholarships awarded by the directors of the Metropolitan to the Institute of Musical Art, New York. This is known as the Ternina scholarship, and Mrs. Hosea may be one of twelve to study with that great woman.

Metropolitan Opera Company has arranged to give an entire week of grand opera in Atlanta, beginning May 2, 1910. The contract is signed with the Atlantic Musical Festival Association, which has already posted the \$50,000 guarantee subscribed for by the citizens of Atlanta. The principal artists of the Metropolitan will take part in these performances, as well as the entire chorus and orchestras.

One of the Boston Opera Company's new tenors, Paul Bourrillon, has been a prominent athlete. Though little more than thirty years old, he has held the bicycling championships of France, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Russia, and has won valuable medals and prizes. He secured the championship of the world at Copenhagen, and held it for two years and a half. He was persuaded by Renaus to give up athletics and become a singer. His voice is said to possess baritone quality not unlike Caruso's. He will be leading tenor of the Boston company in the French roles.



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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at
Los Angeles, Cal., November 2, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that William Hopkins Wylie, of Santa Monica, who, on February 1st, 1908, made homestead entry No. 11587, Serial No. 04114, for E. 1/4 of the S.W. 1/4 and Lots 6 and 7, section 19, township 1 South, range 16 West, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 6th day of December, 1909.
Claimant names as witnesses: Daniel E. Fletcher, of Santa Monica; Frank Machado, of Santa Monica; William H. Shirley, of 303 E. Jefferson street, Los Angeles; Herman Knorr, of 2025 West Lake street, Los Angeles.
FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Date of first publication, Nov. 6, 1909.

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In the exhibition now being held at the Blanchard Gallery by members of the Painters Club, an improvement over those of former years is noticeable. The canvases have an air of importance that they have never previously had. There are one or two of the younger artists whose work shows a commendable advance. First among them is Carl Oscar Borg, whose well-painted pictures are all of Spanish America scenes, he having recently returned from a prolonged stay in Central America. "La Cruz del Milageo" is a lovely canvas, full of light. The sky is clear and the whole picture is radiant with that bright, sunny atmosphere peculiar to tropical climes. Another of his, "La Plaza de la Antigua," is particularly happy in treatment.

Franz A. Bischoff shows a beautifully painted study of still life, roses. His landscapes are undoubtedly the best shown. He has a sense of decoration and color that is none too dominant in any of the other works. His canvas, "The Old Oak," is truly excellent. The coloring is bright and harmonious, and the drawing is good. It, however, lacks atmosphere. But this is a fault common to all the pictures shown, with the possible exception of Puthuff, who, although his drawing is a little hard and stiff, reaches the atmospheric effects which nature so plentifully offers here more than elsewhere.

Frank Coburn shows an attractive little sketch of the harbor of San Pedro. The drawing is good, with the exception of the two green boats in the foreground, which are altogether too large. The coloring is bright. The same artist's picture of "Lights of Hope" deserves to be better hung than it is. The color scheme is harmonious, and but for the automobile in the foreground, the drawing is excellent.

Martin J. Jackson's best canvas is called "Once Upon a Time." It is a small picture of a little girl sitting on a divan, reading from a story book. It is a simple little composition, and save for the rather garish lines of the divan cover, reflects great credit on the artist.

"Pima Indian Basket Maker," by Mr. Arion Putnam, is, perhaps, the best piece of figure painting in the exhibition. It is well drawn, and with a sense of picturesqueness and feeling in the little work that one could wish were more apparent in other of the pictures shown.

It was not a happy idea to attach pieces of ribbon to the frames of the pictures gaining the certificates of merit, as in the cases of the blue and red ribbons, they practically kill the pictures. Messrs. Judson, Alliot and Montgomerie were selected by the club as a jury to decide on the three best pictures in the exhibition. The first award going to the best picture, regardless of subject, the second to the best landscape, and the third to the best figure picture. Mr. Oscar Borg was given the blue ribbon and a certificate presented by Mr. Martin Jackson, secretary and treasurer of the club; the red ribbon went to Mr. Hanson Puthuff, for his landscape, "Oaks and Poppies," and the white ribbon to Mr. Putnam, for his "Pima Indian Basket Maker."

Miss Horlocker will give the second of the series of educational lectures being held at the Blanchard Gallery next Friday afternoon, at 3:30. The subject will be "Keramics and Pottery."

An exhibition of Japanese color prints is being given at the studio of Miss Maude McVicker, on Townsend avenue, which is gained by taking an Eagle Rock car. The exhibition will remain open for the entire month.

An exhibition will be held at the Blanchard Hall, beginning Monday evening, November 15, participated in by representative painters. It will open with a public reception at 8 o'clock.

Miss Dando is holding an exhibition of water-color drawings at the Kanst

art gallery. These are all of still life, and include fruit, flowers, kettles, tables, etc. Perhaps Miss Dando might have done well to omit a few of the beautifully notched and grained tables which she includes. However, that is merely a matter of opinion. As a painter of grapes she is in the forefront for her excellent work. She seems to have been able to attain to the depiction of that lovely velvety texture which is the chief quality of beauty in a picture of grapes. Her other fruit is also highly satisfactory, as are her flowers. The arrangement of color schemes, which is a most necessary adjunct to still-life painting, seems to have been carefully thought out by Miss Dando. Her exhibition is well worth a visit.

Howard Pyle, the illustrator, has taken to designing theatrical costumes, and in the foyer of the Liberty Theater, in New York, is placed a collection of his drawings for the Tarkington-Wilson play "Springtime." Especially good are the two sketches showing groups of drummers, fifers, and recruits. Mr. Pyle has already discovered that the designer may propose petticoats, but the actress and her dressmaker dispose of them, notes the art critic of the New York Post. For instance, they have brought the 1815 costume of L'Acadienne—a brilliant bit of color as designed by Mr. Pyle—down to date by introducing a bell rope arrangement in the back. It will be recalled how, in the early seventies of the last century, Adelaide Ristori made her debut as an English-speaking actress in the sleep scene from "Macbeth," wearing an enormous bustle. There is neither documentary evidence nor tradition, so far as known, that eleventh-century Scotch queens were in the habit of going to rest with such accompaniments, but the woman in even so great an artist as Mme. Ristori, could not afford to let herself be seen in public without one of those bustles that were so hugely the fashion in those days. Mr. Pyle, as designer of actress' costumes, will find that he must sacrifice part of his art on the altar of fashion.

New York Metropolitan Museum has issued the illustrated catalogue in two volumes of its art exhibition held in connection with the Hudson-Fulton celebration. They are handsome volumes, profusely illustrated with excellent reproductions. The first volume, which is dedicated to the paintings by Dutch masters of the seventeenth century, contains a reproduction of every picture exhibited except a Pieter de Hooch—a woman at a washtub in a yard, with another woman drawing water from a well—which J. Pierpont Morgan recently purchased, and which was loaned to the collection after the catalogue had gone to press. The second volume deals with the exhibition of American paintings and furniture.

Lecture on the "Travels of Jesus" Sigurd Russell, a son of Mrs. Richard Hovey, will lecture at the Gamut Club, Thursday evening, November 18, on the "Travels of Jesus From the Age of Twelve to Twenty-nine Years." The young traveler and author has recently returned from the Orient, where he gathered many new incidents in the life of Jesus, that will not change the Bible, but add to it. Mr. Russell has lived and traveled in Europe and the Orient for the last fifteen years, making all his studies in the French language. His last trip to northern Africa and Asia covered twenty-five thousand miles in six months. He has come to Los Angeles with the intention of making it his permanent home.

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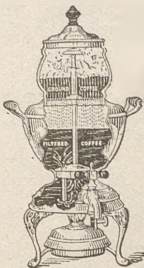


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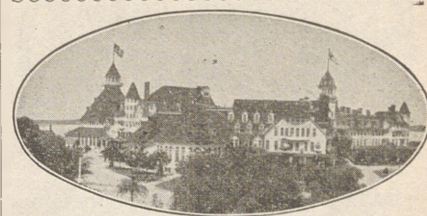
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By Ruth Burke

Of interest to many friends here and in Pasadena will be the marriage of Miss Agnes Sutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest V. Sutton of 1625 Oak street, South Pasadena, to Mr. William Boothby Stringfellow. Date for the wedding has been set for Tuesday evening, November 16. The ceremony will occur in the evening at the home of the bride's parents, about one hundred and fifty invitations having been issued for the occasion. Rev. Frederick Henstridge, pastor of St. James Episcopal church, South Pasadena, will officiate. Miss Sutton's only attendant will be Mrs. Harry Winthrop Gorham of Colegrove, who will serve as matron of honor. Mr. A. S. V. Call will be best man, and little Misses Rebecca and Katherine Patterson, cousins of the groom, will be flower girls. Miss Sutton, who is a young woman of attractive personality, and a singer of rare merit, is one of the popular members of the younger social set. Mr. Stringfellow is associated here with the Los Angeles Abstract & Trust Company. After December 1, Mr. Stringfellow and his bride will be at home to their friends at Sierra Vista, where they are erecting a pretty home.

Among the most brilliant of the week's society functions was the house dance given Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys in honor of their daughter, Miss Kate Van Nuys and Miss Katherine Graves, who have recently returned to their homes from an extended European trip. The handsome Van Nuys home was artistically decorated for the affair. In the drawing room quantities of roses were used. The supper room was arranged with ferns, palms and asparagus plumosus, the tables being decorated in white chrysanthemums. One hundred invitations were issued for the evening, the guests including the younger society folk of the city.

After a delightful and extended trip of three months through the east and in the south, Mrs. Frank E. Walsh of 403 South Alvarado street returned last Sunday to her home here. Mrs. Walsh was accompanied east by her daughter, Miss Virginia Walsh, and their itinerary included all of the large eastern cities and Canada. En route to Los Angeles Mrs. Walsh visited in New Orleans with friends and relatives. Miss Walsh is still in the north, and will prolong her trip until the holidays. In Piedmont she is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Edgar Axton Jones, and later she will be entertained in San Francisco by her aunt, Mrs. Charles Overton. While in the east, Miss Walsh visited for several days at Vassar College, the guest of Miss Evelyn Castle of Milwaukee.

Miss Macneil of 2408 South Figueroa street will leave Monday with Mrs. James Slauson and Mrs. Kate S. Vosburg for a two weeks' motor trip up north, visiting San Francisco and Berkeley. On the twenty-sixth, Miss Macneil will start east, accompanying her mother, Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, to Boston and New York, where they will visit six weeks with Miss Macneil's brother, Mr. Sayre Macneil of Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bryan of Westmoreland place, with their daughters, Mrs. L. T. Bradford and Miss Bryan, are expected to return next week from an eastern trip of nearly a month. They first enjoyed a brief stay at Hot Springs, going thence to New York, where a longer visit was made. A short stop was recently made at Lakewood, N. J., and en route home a day or two will probably be devoted to Chicago.

Mrs. Wiley V. Ambrose of 811 Lake street entertained informally Wednesday evening at her home in compliment to Miss Ethel Fraser, whose marriage to Mr. Edward Prentiss of Denver, Colo., will be an event of the near future. Thursday afternoon Miss Fraser was the guest of honor at a handsomely appointed card party given by Mrs. Walter Pomeroy Eaton, at the Cambria Union. About forty-five guests participated in the bridge contest which

was the afternoon's diversion. Mrs. Eaton was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Emil Ducommun, Mrs. Charles E. Grosebeck of Ocean Park and Miss Grace Carr. The ball room downstairs was used for the occasion, and was attractively decorated with a profusion of carnations and potted plants.

In honor of Mrs. Henry D. Thompson of San Antonio, Texas, who is visiting here with her sister, Mrs. John L. Boyle of 607 Carondelet street, Mrs. J. W. McAllister of 1824 West Sixth street is entertaining today with an attractively appointed luncheon. The table centerpiece is a pretty arrangement of roses in a silver tray, and the flowers and greenery form the house decorations. Covers are laid for twelve, the guests including Meses. Henry D. Thompson, J. L. Boyle, Willitts J. Hole, C. Q. Stanton, B. L. Vickrey, West Hughes, Frank E. Walsh, William S. Bartlett, Simon Maier, Madam Thompson and Miss Annie Ward.

Mrs. R. E. Wells of this city, in her private car, "One Thousand One," went down to Hotel del Coronado for a weekend. Mrs. Wells' party included Mrs. C. E. Hatfield of Boston, Mass.; Miss Hatfield, Mr. Ralph E. Wells, Jr., Mr. Howard H. Wells, Mr. Robert H. Wells, Miss Grace Wells and Mr. A. J. Barnard. The party was entertained aboard the "Idzuma" by Captain Take-shita, and aboard the British ships by Commander and Mrs. Edwards and Commander Crawford.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Overton of this city were guests over night recently of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar at Miramar, Santa Monica. A horseback party was formed, including Mr. and Mrs. Overton, Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar, Miss Margery Brown, Mr. Champney, with Mr. Guy G. Bundy as conductor, and at sunset a ride was taken to Topanga canyon. After a supper at McAllister's, the return was made by moonlight.

Prettily appointed and one of the most enjoyable of the week's society affairs was the dinner party given Wednesday by Mrs. Oscar M. Souden of 1145 West Twenty-eighth street, this being the first of a series of dinner entertainments at which she will be hostess. An attractive arrangement of roses of Killarney and maidenhair ferns formed the decorations. Covers at the table were laid for Dr. and Mrs. Henderson Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McFarland, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh W. Harrison. Later in the evening bridge whist was played.

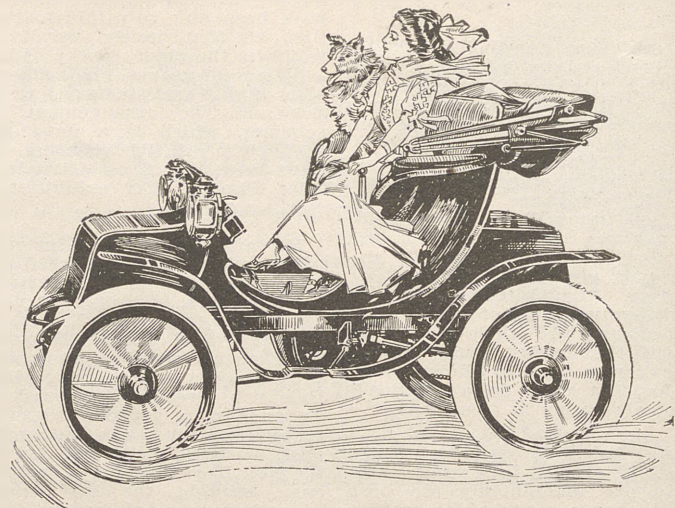
One of the most delightful of the several large society affairs of next week will be a bridge party which Mrs. Nat W. Myrick and her sister, Mrs. John G. Mott will give Wednesday afternoon at the home of the former, 667 West Twenty-eighth street. Forty guests have been invited for the occasion. Friday afternoon, Mrs. J. A. Fairchild and her two daughters, Mrs. Myrick and Mrs. Mott, will be hostesses at a large musical to be given at the home of Mrs. Mott, 2629 Portland avenue. One hundred invitations have been issued for the second affair, and Mrs. Mary Le Grand Reed will render the program.

Mrs. George S. Patton and her sister, Miss Wilson of Alhambra, have issued invitations for a large tea to be given Wednesday, November 10, at the California Club. Guests will include prominent society women of Los Angeles, Alhambra and Pasadena.

Miss Georgina Jones, daughter of Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, who has been in New York for upward of a year, has returned to California. At present she has joined her mother at Arrowhead Springs, where they will stay until Thanksgiving, before returning to Miramar, their Santa Monica home. The many friends of Mrs. Jones will be pleased to learn that her health, since she went to the mountains, is greatly improved.

Of interest to members of the younger set was the marriage Wednesday morning of Miss Bessie Hellyar, daughter of Mrs. William Henry Hellyar of South Hope street, to Mr. G. Ivan Peoples. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's mother, Rev. Hugh K. Walker officiating. Mrs. Harry Hellyar was matron of honor, and Mr. Harry Hellyar was best man. The bride was prettily attired in her traveling suit of gray, and carried lilies of the valley. During the ceremony the bridal couple stood beneath a large wedding bell of white carnations and

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ferns. Roses and chrysanthemums were used in the decoration of the room, and following the service a breakfast was served in the dining room, which was arranged in red roses. At the conclusion of a trip north, Mr. and Mrs. Peoples will return to Los Angeles to make their home, and will receive their friends after December 1 at 453 South Hope street.

Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson, who has been ill for several weeks, is convalescing for a month with her mother, Mrs. William Winter, at Mentone, near Redlands.

After a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Whitmore of Hotel Alexandria, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Goodwin of Chicago left recently for San Diego, en route to their eastern home.

In honor of Miss Violet McDonald and Miss Florence Osborne, two brides-elect, who are receiving much social attention, Mrs. Philip D. Colby of Inglewood street entertained last Saturday afternoon with a shower and card party. Guests included Meses. Walter

J. Wren, R. B. Schroeter, Frederick T. Fitzgerald, Carl von Breton, Charles Grogan, Edward Graham; Misses Hortense Barnhart Jones, Marguerite Seymour, Helen McCutchan, Nellie Beacom, Martha Hunter, Carrie Stutsman, Anna Kellam, Lydia Kellam, Anna Leach and Susie Cogswell.

One of the most elaborate weddings of the season was that of Miss Jessie Marshall and Mr. Daniel Stanley Setnan, which was celebrated Tuesday evening at the Woman's club house. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Marshall of 1120 Grand View street, was attired in a gown of white charmeuse satin, made with court train and trimmed with Duchesse and point lace. She wore a long tulle veil, caught with a spray of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. Miss Maude Marshall, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She wore a pale green mousseline de soie gown, trimmed with pearls. She carried Cecil Bruner roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Ethel Setnan, sister of the groom, and Miss Mabel Fisher, were attired alike in pink

mousseline de soie gowns, trimmed with lace and pearls, and carried Cello Bruner roses. Mr. Leo McGowan was best man, and the ushers were Dr. P. O. Sundin and Dr. N. J. Horton. Little Margaret Watkins served as the ring bearer. About 150 guests were present, and the service was read by Dr. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of the Immanuel Presbyterian church. Members of the Friday Afternoon Club held flower chains to form an aisle to the altar for the bridal party. The young women were attired in dainty lingerie gowns and were Misses Helen Updegraff, Olive Bennett, Maud Adams, Maude Wood, Anne Elizabeth Richards, Arley Tottenham, Mabel McGowan, Mary McGowan, Zelma Dickson, Clara Scott, Gertrude Connell, Louise Hauser, Mrs. John Cocke and Mrs. Will Nelson. During the service the bridal couple stood beneath a large white wedding bell. The auditorium was decorated with quantities of white chrysanthemums. The reception room was arranged in pink roses and ferns. Supper was served upstairs, the decorations there being in pink roses and greenery. Following the supper a dance was enjoyed by the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Setnan will make their home at 938 Elden avenue upon their return from a wedding trip.

Among the many delightful society affairs of the week was the handsomely appointed tea party given yesterday by Mrs. J. F. Bumiller of "El Nido," Hollywood. A large number of invitations were issued for the afternoon, and the hostess was assisted in receiving and entertaining by Meses. Bumiller-Hickley, Thomas Rickard, A. B. McCutchan, Max Chapman, Ward Chapman, E. P. Johnson, E. P. Johnson, Jr., John Urmoston, Walter G. Barnwell, Charles H. Dick, Bruce Weatherby, William L. Valentine, Edwin S. Hill, Margaret Worsham, E. B. Grandin, E. O. Robinson, Howard Squire, Miss Worsham and Miss Sadie Johnson.

Mrs. E. G. Howard of 837 King street and Mrs. Herbert D. Requa of West Twenty-third street were hostesses Wednesday at a large afternoon affair given at the Ebell club house on South Figueroa street. Yellow chrysanthemums and greenery were used in the decorations. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Meses. Chester C. Ashley, Raphael W. Kinsey, Roth Hamilton, George E. Burrell, Lewis Clark Carlisle, George A. Howard, Jr., Henry W. Howard, L. Simonson, Edward Forve and William S. Cross.

Mrs. J. Marshall Wotkins, Jr., of Arroyo drive was hostess last Saturday at a prettily appointed luncheon given in compliment to her house guest, Miss Bassett of San Francisco. Yellow chrysanthemums and ferns formed the decorations for the table and the house. Those present besides the guest of honor were Miss Florence Thompson, Miss Margaret Sherck, Miss Pattie Phillips and Mrs. Volney Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Baruh of 617 New Hampshire left Wednesday evening for an eastern trip of six weeks. They will visit in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago and other of the large eastern capitals.

Mrs. W. C. Tonkin of South Alvarado street entertained Saturday afternoon with an informal tea at Hotel Alexandria in compliment to Mrs. William Elliott Selbie, who is visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Anderson of Shatto place. The honors of the afternoon were shared by Miss Gertrude Churchill, one of the most popular of the young brides-elect. Other guests included Mrs. David H. McCartney, Mrs. Grant G. Gillette, Mrs. George T. Hackley, Miss Marjorie Bastable and Miss Gertrude Gooding.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood, their son and daughters, the Misses Wood, occupied a box Monday evening at the Orpheum.

Hotel del Coronado has been the brilliant social center of the west for a fortnight. The arrival of the two British sloop-of-war and the Japanese cruiser off Coronado was the occasion for a series of international entertainments, receptions and banquets. Wednesday of last week arrived His British Majesty's ships, "Algerine" and "Shearwater." Commander C. W. Crawford of the "Shearwater," and Commander and Mrs. E. W. Edwards of the "Algerine," were guests at Hotel del Coronado during their stay in port. The United States torpedo boat, "Truxton," steamed into port a week ago

Friday. Mrs. R. P. Scudder, wife of Commander Scudder, will remain at Hotel del Coronado while the ship is at target practice at Magdalena Bay. The ships of the Pacific squadron will take up target practice on their return from the Portola festival, at San Francisco, and Coronado is to be made their rendezvous. Another of the big ships which have visited the Coronado port recently was the "Idzuma," the Japanese first-class cruiser, under the chief command of Captain Isam Takeshita, who was the naval attache to the Japanese embassy in Washington during the Russian-Japanese war.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville Klauber entertained recently at dinner at Hotel del Coronado, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Guilford, Mr. H. L. Sale of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Klauber of Hollywood. Mr. Edward Klauber is president of the Klauber-Wangenheim company of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Barrow-french of 627 St. Paul avenue have returned from a pleasant trip abroad. Mrs. Barrow-french will be at home to friends November 12.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. O'Haran, who make their home at Hotel Hayward, this city, were week-end visitors at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Morehouse, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Groenendyke and Mr. B. P. Fraser of Pasadena formed a motor party the first of the week to Hotel Coronado.

Mr. S. M. Spalding, a well-known bond broker of this city and a frequent visitor at Hotel del Coronado, was a guest at that place a part of this week.

Mrs. F. Irwin Herron and her sister, Miss Clara Mercereau, will entertain with a buffet luncheon Wednesday, November 17, at the home of Miss Mercereau, 1201 Westchester place.

Complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. John Bryson, who were married recently, Mrs. Frank M. Warner of 3614 Mettler street entertained informally Tuesday evening.

Mrs. William Grant Fitch has joined the Pasadena contingent at Hotel del Coronado, having motored down from her beautiful home at Lamanda Park, Pasadena, for an indefinite stay at the popular pleasure resort. Mrs. Fitch is a well-known society matron of Milwaukee, and is a leader in the social life of both cities. Thursday of last week Mrs. Fitch entertained at luncheon in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Fay and Mrs. Herbert Munn.

Mrs. H. K. Williamson, who recently returned from a five months' trip abroad, will receive her friends the first and third Fridays with her sister, Mrs. R. B. Williamson of 601 Park View avenue.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Marie Louise Nelson, daughter of Mrs. Kate Fair Nelson, and sister of Mrs. Albert Woolacott of this city, to Mr. George Kingman of Mexico City. For the last year Miss Nelson has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Gaston E. Cuendet of Mexico City, and while there met Mr. Kingman. The bride is a member of a distinguished old southern family. She is a niece of Miss Kate Page Nelson of Shreveport, La., who is a cousin of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, the author. Mr. Kingman is a well-known club and business man of this city.

In furthering the scholarship plan, whereby a means of education may be provided for children who otherwise must work for needy parents, a large number of the club women, church women and society women of the city have arranged to give a big card party at Goldberg's assembly rooms next Tuesday afternoon. This plan of raising funds for the philanthropic purpose was the happy idea of Mrs. Charles B. Nichols, and through her indefatigable efforts is sure to prove a great success. The women of the city have responded generously to the request to participate in this function. Many have reserved rooms or a number of tables, and are giving private parties. Among these are Mrs. Frank O. Vickery and Mrs. George Kress, who will occupy two parlors; Mrs. Edwin J. Brent and party of sixteen; Mrs. Gil-lingham O'Daniel and party of twelve; Mrs. R. W. Breesee and party of twenty; Mrs. E. T. Sherer and party of sixteen; Mrs. H. C. MacGinnis and party

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Little Sermons on Health

Weekly Department Written for The Graphic by Dr. L. L. Denny, Health Scientist.

Health is man's natural birthright. When properly born, he is ushered into this world a dependent, yet healthy, being. This heritage of health, the right of being well born, is the greatest requirement placed by the divine Creator upon the parentage of posterity. If from the beginning of life humanity had been blessed with health, and had retained it to the present day, but a single duty—that of keeping well—would devolve upon the present generation. Owing to the mistakes of our ancestors, and the far greater and more serious mistakes of self, it has necessitated the assuming by mankind of a double duty—that of health restoration and health preservation. It will be the object of this weekly bulletin to give practical suggestions to aid in securing and retaining health.

Not one in one hundred thousand possesses a perfect physique. Startling, isn't it? In this land of one hundred and forty odd thousand doctors, to think that mankind should be in such a terrible state. For every effect, there must be a cause, and the reason for this deplorable condition of affairs is quite prominently evident. It is agreed by all that health once gained is retained by correct living. Therefore, there is but one solution—health is lost and disease acquired by incorrect living. Realizing this, mankind should earnestly strive to rectify all mistakes pertaining to the care of the body.

One is led to believe by the actions of the majority that consuming food is the only essential duty for the care of the body. Humanity, as a whole, eats too much, too fast, too often and without a knowledge of proper food combination. A large amount of half masticated, indigestible food is forced into the obedient, overworked stomach. After the powers of the digestive organs battle through three and four such conflicts in the space of twelve hours, it leaves the entire body devitalized and filled with a quantity of undigested and rapidly putrefying food. This unused and undigested food irritates the delicate endings of sensory nerves, and when this condition is allowed to continue, day after day and month after month, grave attacks of disease always result.

The American people go to the one extreme in eating and drinking, because it pleases the palate. They go to the other extreme in breathing because it requires a little effort to acquire and retain the habit of correct breathing. Only a very small per cent of the millions of cells in the lungs are used by the average individual. Stingy, dried-up breaths are grudgingly taken by an otherwise liberal man. He would not think of cheating others, yet with every breath he cheats himself.

There are many safe and sane rules which should be followed in order to secure and retain health: One should sleep eight to nine hours out of each twenty-four. Exercise before breakfast, ten to twenty minutes. Drink plenty of water each day—one glass to every sixteen pounds of weight is a safe rule to follow. Acquire the habit of breathing deep continually. Take a morning bath or dry friction rub. Eat but two meals a day—a light breakfast, omit lunch, or, as a compromise, eat nothing but fresh fruit, and your only hearty meal in the evening. Live out of doors as much as possible. Eat very little meat, avoid intoxicants, and do not drink liquids at meals. Avoid condensed, concentrated foods—coarse foods containing residue regulate the bowels and prevent constipation. Do not talk, walk, dance, eat, drink, or do anything to excess—temperance in all things is conducive to health. Take good care of your back. All the vital life-giving nerves center in the spine. Therefore, care for it, for when the foundation of a structure begins to crumble, the superstructure soon gives way. Never work on a nervous tension—it saps your life's vitality. Be optimistic; think right; be contented; do not try to do everything, for you cannot. Health can be gained and retained, but it requires effort.

[The Graphic has perfected arrangements with Dr. Denny, whereby the readers of this magazine may write for any information pertaining to health subjects. Address correspondence to Dr. L. L. Denny, Suite 908-9-10 Broadway Central building, Los Angeles Cal.]



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Doing the best they can with impossible situations, the Belasco stock company has been having a parlous time this week with "The Regeneration," which extraordinary stage offering is taken from Owen Kildare's novel, "My Mamie Rose." To see Lewis S. Stone on his knees, in the second act, repeating the Lord's Prayer, after his slum teacher, in the process of his reformation, is dangerously near bathos; if this earnest actor were to deviate one hair's breadth from the serious vein assumed, the situation would be ruined. As it is, the audience is half skeptical, half convinced.

As Owen Conway, leader of a tough gang of the half-submerged tenth, Mr. Stone has a most uncomfortable time shaking off his fetters and getting an education and religion at the hands of Marie Deering, worker in a slum settlement. Marie meets Owen in Chicory Hall, an underground resort, whither she is rushed by a "strong-arm," who attempts to relieve her of her purse. A party of fashionable slummers chances to be present and Marie induces Conway to forego his purpose of robbing one of the male members, who is so indiscreet as to flash a large roll of bills. She then begs Owen to amend his ways, and offers to lead him into better paths. How he reforms and then, apparently, lapses when he learns that his uplift means the dragging down of the woman he fairly worships makes the play.

Before Owen learns his letters, his teacher gives him a Bible, which he carries as a sort of talisman. Owen at prayer is a delectable sight; one feels that he is worshipping his teacher, rather than the unknown God to which his thoughts are directed, and Marie's glance at the athletic frame of the amateur pugilist seems to hint of psychic reasons for her interest in the young rough. This suspicion is confirmed later, when the refined girl weeps on Conway's shoulder, just before he is marched off to prison for aiding in the escape of a murderer. Her appearance, alone, in the tough resort, at intervals, taxes the credulity of the most trusting. It is not a pleasant play. As the final curtain falls on the resounding oaths of the young tough, who consigns Conway's soul to eternal perdition, his Mamie Rose is placing her plump arms about his neck and weeping copiously. Ugh!

Mr. Stone goes grimly through the part, unshaven, rough of speech, and, one feels, secretly, bored beyond words. But he sticks bravely to it, and is as forceful and convincing as his art will vouchsafe. Thais Magrane does her best to appear sincere, but stops just short of succeeding; she, too, seems to realize the utter hopelessness of the task. Howard Scott, Richard Vivian, Frank Camp and Charles Ruggles give vent to twisted English and profane expressions with as much sang froid as they can individually muster in their zeal to appear true to slum life, but it is not an inspiring picture they present. Adele Farrington as Nellie, Conway's "goyle," does a good bit of character work, and Beth Taylor's Ollie is an amusing, pert and self-satisfied miss. "Salvation Nell" was trying enough in the hands of Mrs. Fiske. "The Regeneration" is painful, and this without intending any reflections on the excellent Belasco stock company. S. T. C.

"The Ringmaster" at the Auditorium

When the Shuberts learn that the west demands as able exponents of the drama as they are wont to send out in the eastern states, they may make a success of the Auditorium. They have all the facilities, an excellent manager, a beautiful theater in a good location, and a town that is theater mad. But so long as they regard the public as only ignorant sheep, that can be fleeced with anything that is branded with the New York trade-mark, they cannot hope to please Los Angeles. Outside of their excellent production of "The Witching Hour," the Shuberts have vouchsafed attractions immeasurably inferior to local stock company productions. "The Ringmaster" this week adds another black mark to their list of offenses. The play

is puerile and amateurish, and reminiscent of half a dozen financial dramas. Its situations skim over the surface and leave no impression. The company is incompetent. Its leading woman is sick, and Anna Lee is essaying the role with a courage highly praiseworthy. Naturally, this unfortunate illness, despite the good work of Miss Lee, puts a damper on the company, but that does not entirely excuse its mediocrity. H. S. Northrup cannot play the intrepid financier with success, and is altogether too theatrical to be a likeable dilettante. He has an irritating habit of humming the last syllables of his sentences, and is stogy and artificial. Frederick Montague carries off his situations rather better than his associates, but he falls far short of success. Further comment would be unkind.

"Brown of Harvard" at the Burbank

Despite an audience which laughs at both comedy and pathos, with a cutting lack of appreciation in its finer



LOUISE ROYCE, AT THE BURBANK

scenes, "Brown of Harvard" is being given a successful production at the Burbank this week. To be sure, the manly spindleshanks of the majority of the rowing crew move the house to unkind laughter, but the principals are husky and wiry enough to carry off the big scene well. David Hartford does good work as the gloomy Thorne, and Lovell Alice Taylor contributes a pathetic bit as his sister. Byron Beasley is thoroughly imbued with a happy-go-lucky spirit, and though handicapped by a cold, sings and whistles and carries a large share of the burden on his shoulders. Blanche Hall is capable of better work than the lackadaisical creation she is offering her admirers this week. Perhaps she is depressed by the consciousness that her gowns are unbecoming. "Heine" Stockbridge is the effervescent Madden, and Wayland Trask, ideally comical as "Tubby," eats enough cake to ruin the digestion of a school girl on a diet of pickles and ice cream. Harry Mestayer and his "Jag" prove this actor's ability for good character work. Minor parts are excellently taken by a number of auxiliary actors.

"The Blue Moon" at the Grand

Ferris Hartman and his company struggle this week with "The Blue Moon," which is the attraction at the Grand Opera House. Mr. Hartman possesses an inimitable sense of humor and is gifted with the more difficult art of injecting comedy into spiritless lines, as well as making the best of what real witticisms fall to his lot. This week, however, the situations of the play do not provide him even with the minutest opportunity, and beyond a few flashes of wit and the interpolation of a few catchy songs, the struggle isn't worth while. Mr. Hartman appears in the role of Private Charlie Taylor, and divides honors with Walter Catlett, who, as Moolraj, idolmaker, juggler and marriage broker, does a bit of excellent comedy work, especially in his gymnastic stunts, which follow a too free imbibing of the prince's wine. Dorothy Morton, who makes her first appearance with the company, takes the role of Chandra Nil, "The Blue Moon," a singing girl, in a creditable manner, although she only approximates the high standard set by Christine Nielsen, leading woman of

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the Hartman aggregation upon the occasion of its previous engagement in Los Angeles. "Muggins" Davies, as Millicent Leroy, meets all requirements and renders two songs in pleasing fashion. Walter de Leon gives a satisfactory interpretation in the role of Bobbie Scott, a journalist, and sings a catchy song, which, despite his hoarseness from a cold, gains him repeated encores. Others in the company in lesser parts give adequate portrayals.

"Fifty Miles From Boston" at Majestic

That famous rule for the drama, that it must fulfill three requirements,



VALERIE BERGERE, AT ORPHEUM

first, action; second, action, and, third, action, is more than met by George Cohan in his "Fifty Miles From Boston," the offering at the Majestic Theater this week. He adds as a fourth provision, "noise," and the result is a most amusing and stirring musical comedy. The stage is never empty nor quiet from the first rise of the curtain to its final drop, and while the setting is of the "Uncle Josh" variety, there is not a dull moment. The company is an excellent one. Little Grace King, "the postmistress," is as pretty as a flower, while Laura Bennett, as the grotesque, is inimitable. The fat boy is a rare find, being genuine and not made of pillows and pads. The best song, of course, is "Harrigan," made familiar by Victor records and brass bands, but not the less racy for that. Altogether, "Fifty Miles From Boston" is a most entertaining piece, and if it exemplifies the famous Cohan

method will prepare a welcome for those that follow.

Enjoyable Bill at Orpheum

Mary Norman in caricatures and her clever monologue, "Some Women I Have Met," this week top-lines one of the best bills staged at the Orpheum in many months. Miss Norman, almost shapelessly slender, is the chief laugh-provoker of the bill. Her burlesques of women and their hats, of types of dancers, and, best of all, of a woman taking her first ride in an automobile, are worth the price of the entire evening's entertainment. Concluding her mimicry, Miss Norman does a daring bit of impersonation as a Salvation Army girl, telling from a street corner the dramatically tragic story of her fall and rescue. The little sermon rings so sincere that the audience which a few minutes before laughed uncontrollably at the caricature delineations, listens with tense ear to the little tale of human tragedy. Ed F. Reynard, the ventriloquist, with the assistance of his famous mechanical figures, presents an original and ingenious one-act comedy, "A Morning in Bingville," from which the audience parts with regret. Heralded as a phenomenal wonder, Pilu, the mind-reading dog, lives up to his European reputation and awes the audience by his ability to pick out numbers and accomplish other startling feats with unerring accuracy. Sig. D. Ancillotti, who introduces Pilu, is a contrasting feature to his phlegmatic dog, and his excitable approbation of the latter's exhibition would be more amusing if given less insistent repetition. "Wanted, a Sister," a one-act college farce, presented by James Young, late star of "Brown of Harvard," is of mediocre interest. The sketch, not dissimilar in situations to the well-known "Charley's Aunt," is too great a strain upon the credence of theater-goers, who, content to accept as plausible many extravagant situations, find the limit reached in this instance. Holdovers are Henry Clive, assisted by Mai Sturges Walker; the Big City Quartet; Edna Aug and Les Myosotis.

Offerings Next Week

"The Little Grey Lady," Channing Pollock's successful play of Washington departmental life, will be given by Lewis Stone and the Belasco company next week, with Mr. Stone and Miss Magrane in the principal roles. The story of the play deals with a missing hundred dollar bill, which has been sent to the redemption bureau of the treasury. The hero of the drama is suspected, and is about to be arrested when the Little Grey Lady, otherwise

Miss Anna Grey of the treasury department, saves him by attempting to sacrifice herself. Thais Magrane will be the Little Grey Lady, and Lewis Stone will play the hero, while Frank Camp will revel in his usual stage villainy as a secret service man. Howard Scott, Richard Vivian, Charles Rugles, James Applebee, Ida Lewis, Adele Farrington, Beth Taylor and the other Belasco players will be entrusted with important roles. Following "The Little Grey Lady," the Belasco company will offer "The Road to Yesterday."

That perennially popular farce, "Charley's Aunt," will be the attraction at the Burbank Theater next week, beginning with a matinee Sunday and including the customary matinee Saturday. It is by no means a novelty to Los Angeles audiences, but seems never to outlast its welcome. Byron Beasley will be seen as Jack Chesney, one of the three chums. Harry Mestayer will play Charley, and Henry Stockbridge will have the part of Lord "Babs," who pretends to be Donna Lucia, the aunt. The roles of the three girls will be taken by Blanche Hall, Lovell Alice Taylor and Margo Duffet, while Louise Royce will be seen as the real Donna Lucia. Others prominent in the cast will include John W. Burton, Willis Marks, Frederick Gilbert and William Yerance.

"The Land of Nod," which opened the initial performance at the Majestic Theater, will be the attraction there for the week beginning Sunday night, November 7, and with Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The musical score has been almost entirely re-written, and is said to contain an abundance of tuneful melodies. In addition to the old favorites of the cast are Neil McNeil, Anna McNabb, and George Fox; the two former having been principals in "The Red Mill" last season. All three were in the original production of "The Land of Nod," and will be seen in the parts they made famous. Brilliant costumes and electrical effects are promised.

Richard Carle's picturesque musical comedy will be given next week by Ferris Hartman and his big singing company at the Grand Opera House, the first performance occurring at the regular matinee Sunday. The role of Marcus Orlando Kidder, impressario of a stranded opera company in Japan, was one of Hartman's successes last season, and affords him unlimited opportunities for tomfoolery. Miss Islieb, Miss Hart, Mr. Walch, Walter de Leon and other members of the company will have good parts. Scenic effects are said to be exceptionally good. Following "The Mayor of Tokio," the company will give, for the first time in this city, "The Toreador," in which Ferris Hartman will be seen as the funny little Cockney, Sammy Gigg.

Valerie Bergere is a favorite with Los Angeles vaudeville audiences, and it is certain that her appearance as a top-liner on the Orpheum bill for next week will be welcomed. Her new playlet is a farce called, "The Sultan's Favorite," but as she retains in her repertoire her best hits of the past, it is assured that she will be seen in at least one of them while here. Another important new number is the first visit of the Tuscany Troubadours, a sextette of grand opera vocalists, who will present a number of melodies which have been woven into a plot. The Six Glinseratis are experts in the gymnastic and acrobatic line, and come here from Vienna. Carlin and Clark have a Kolb-and-Dill turn, as German comedians who misuse the English language. James Young and his company, Mary Norman, Pilu and his master, and Ed F. Reynard, the ventriloquist, are the holdovers.

"The Man of the Hour," George Broadhurst's successful drama of contemporary life, will be the attraction of the Mason Opera House for the week of September 15. Next week the house will be dark.

Asides

William Yerance returns again to the Belasco fold in a week or two, having presented his resignation to the Burbank management. Yerance is a familiar figure at the Belasco, having played there for several seasons. Manager Morosco has not yet announced Yerance's successor.

Richard Walton Tully's new play, "Cupid the Cow-Punch," inspired by the novel of that name, written by his talented wife, Eleanor Gates, is arous-

ing a diversity of opinion in the north. Just at present Mr. Tully is re-writing the first and second acts, and when he has polished the whole, expects to have it produced in New York.

Ernest Glendenning, who is well remembered as former juvenile at the Belasco, and who later was transferred to the Alcazar in San Francisco, is making no little fame for himself as a member of the company of Madame Nazimova.

After months of preparation, the musical extravaganza of college life, "Professor Napoleon," is ready for presentation at the Temple Auditorium next week. Five performances in all will be given, beginning Wednesday,



T. H. OSTROM IN PROF. NAPOLEON

with a matinee Saturday. Thousands of tickets have been issued and large crowds are expected. Each night of the performance the curtain will rise promptly at eight o'clock, and the management has announced that it desires the audience to be seated before this time.

Florence Roberts, whose charming personality and excellent ability have won her a warm place in the affection of theatergoers, is rehearsing in New York for her first season under the Shubert management, in a new drama entitled, "Mrs. Dakon." Miss Roberts' leading man will be Thurlow Bergen, who has appeared with her for several seasons. The actress denies that she has any intentions of marrying Mr. Bergen, and asserts that Mrs. Bergen, who recently sued Thurlow for a divorce, is wronging her name into the affair. But Dame Rumor still insists that the little god of love hovers in that vicinity.

If you really want to make Harry Andrews, of the Belasco stock company, your friend for all time, you have only to admire Miss Patricia, his \$5,000 wonder, from the O. H. P. Belmont kennels in Newport. Miss Patricia has a pedigree which Harry reels off by the yard, and there are bolts of blue ribbons which Her Majesty has won. In a competition in St. Louis, she ranked first in the puppy class, third in the open class, and won the special puppy prize against fifty-six competitors. Recently, when he received word that Mrs. Andrews and Miss Patricia were on their way to Los Angeles, he electrified several members of the company by announcing that "my dog and my wife will be here this week. And then he wondered why his listeners laughed!

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It has been a stirring bull week, with Associated Oil leading the trading procession, more than a thousand shares of the stock having been disposed of in this market since the last report. Prices, too, for several days have ruled from a quarter to half a point higher than in San Francisco. The shares have gained nearly two full points this week, with sixty-day privileges selling for as high as forty-five. Speculative Fourth street is eager to know just what is doing in Associated, but, as usual, the street is as much in the dark as ever.

In spite of continued manipulation in Union and its affiliations, the shares, nevertheless are absorbed on all breaks, though with considerably diminishing confidence in these issues. One of these days every man, woman and child in this part of the state will be a Union, United Petroleum, or Union Provident stockholder when the several Stewart securities may not be altogether so popular as traders as they have been at times in the past. As a matter of fact, there has been complaint for some time that these several stocks much too frequently of late are price-rigged up and down by certain Fourth street interests in a manner that would put the New York curb to the blush. It is insisted that unless these practices are discontinued, the reliable speculative public will be driven out of the Union market entirely.

Central Oil now is one of the serious local traders, with the shares acting better than ever before. The stock is firm around 130 bid, a rise of forty points within three months. At a not far distant date Central should go much higher.

In the Doheny oil issues, the price movement continues upward, with American Common close to 75. It has been less than ninety days since the stock went begging at 50. The Doheny Mexicans also are firm and in demand.

Public utility stocks are not brisk, with L. A. Home Pfd. the recent market leader in this class of shares. The stock being ex-dividend, is somewhat soft just now. The shares are recommended for higher prices in the near future. The Edisons continue apathetic.

All of the mining list is soft, with very little doing anywhere along the line in these several issues. Goldfield Consolidated, that should be a brisk trader here, is dull, apparently because of the attitude assumed by Los Angeles banks in declining to loan on such securities.

Money continues to rule active, with rates firm, and the supply not at all equal to ordinary investment demands.

Banks and Banking

Through action of the directors of the Columbia Trust Company, the proposed Oil and Metals Bank, which is to succeed the Union Exchange Bank, will share the Trust Company's building at 311 West Third street, and the two institutions will have a co-operative existence. Lloyd C. Haynes will probably be chosen as president of the Oil and Metals Bank, and L. L. Elliott will continue as president of the Columbia Trust Company. The Oil and Metals Bank, when established, will confine itself to trust and savings business, and will turn all commercial accounts over to the bank. Each institution, however, will maintain a separate existence. Each will have a capitalization of \$250,000, making an aggregate capitalization of \$500,000. The Trust Company will retain ownership of the building, which is valued at \$240,000. The Oil and Metals Bank is to take the place of the Union Exchange Bank, application for the change of name and the necessary permission having been applied for. After that, steps will be taken to have the comptroller of currency at Washington issue to the Oil and Metals Bank a charter as a national bank, with a capitalization of \$250,000.

Reports from Chicago are to the effect that banks there are losing money rapidly by the drawing down of deposits, as a result of the steady expansion in business among the manufacturers and jobbers, who are using more money than at any time in two years. They are also losing by withdrawals of

country deposits, due to banks in the grain districts, because of the liberal movement of cereals. Banks are closely loaned up, and expect to be so for the remainder of the year, and perhaps for several months thereafter. Money cannot be had at less than 5 per cent, and commercial banks are getting 5½ to 6 per cent for the majority of their loans.

In changing from a state to a national bank, and the resolutions of the Oklahoma bankers at Tulsa, where sixty of them condemned the guarantee law, are taken as meaning the beginning of a reaction that will in the end wipe the law off the statute books. The settlement of the Columbia Trust Company affair, in which the state has refused to tell the actual condition of the bank or of the causes of the failure, has done much to bring criticism upon the law, and the bankers generally are dissatisfied with the outcome of the supreme test of the guarantee. The fact that so much secrecy was maintained has given color to suspicion that there was something in the previous management that would not have happened under usual conditions, and has been held by the bankers as indicating that there was loose management when there should have been stricter control. This has undermined the sentiment for the law more than any other one thing, and has made it possible for the opponents of the law to continue to oppose it. The Nebraska decision has also had its effect, and it is not impossible that the next legislature will modify materially the provisions of the statute.

Protest has been made by the Hibernian Bank of San Francisco against the granting of a similar name to the proposed new savings bank for Los Angeles, a charter for which has been filed in Sacramento with the secretary of state. The incorporators of the new local bank are D. F. McGarry, G. Allan Hancock, George W. Lichtenberger, Thomas J. Cunningham, John P. Coyne, Robert G. Hill and John R. Grant of this city. All are confident that the question of a name will be satisfactorily adjusted, and that the San Francisco bank will not be sustained in its appeal for the exclusive use of the title Hibernian. The new local bank's application for articles of incorporation is under the name of the Los Angeles Hibernian Savings Bank and Trust Company, while the old established northern bank does business under the name of the Hibernian Bank of San Francisco.

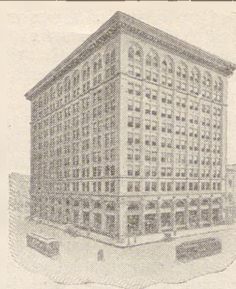
Officials of the Broadway Bank and Trust Company have announced their intention of nationalizing that institution. The change probably will take effect about January 1, when it will become the Broadway National Bank. Officials of the institution will remain the same. They are: Warren Gillelen, president; George I. Cochran, vice-president; R. W. Kenny, cashier; J. M. Spaulding, assistant cashier, and R. C. Gillis, Arthur Letts, Ben Williams, Warren Gillelen, W. E. Cummings, E. P. Clark, George W. Walker, R. W. Kenny, Robert F. Jones, George I. Cochran, Dr. W. W. Beckett and A. W. Redman, directors. There will be no change in the capital of \$250,000.

Bank clearings for the week just ended, according to the report of the California promotion committee, were unusually high. As the presidential election fell in the corresponding week of last year, no comparative figures are possible. The total clearings for the eight principal California cities is \$67,587,481, divided as follows: San Francisco, \$46,466,795; Los Angeles, \$14,556,665; Oakland, \$2,022,449; San Jose, \$604,410; Stockton, \$752,606; Sacramento, \$1,305,949; Fresno, \$861,704; San Diego, \$1,016,787.

Plans are made for the erection of a brick bank building for the State Bank of Pomona, by a syndicate formed for that purpose. The site chosen includes vacant lots just east of the present structure, and the building proposed will cost \$30,000.

Stock and Bond Briefs

American securities in foreign markets and their popularity there as investments are noteworthy factors in home finance, inasmuch as this country depends to a considerable extent upon European buyers for the floating of domestic bonds in large blocks. The present attitude of foreign investors toward American securities is important, as a large volume of financing



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must be done to supply railroads and other corporations with funds for extensions and facilitating transportation and production. G. M. Simons, editor of the Amsterdam Telegraf, one of the most important dailies of that European capital, who is traveling in this country at present, preparing a series of special articles for his journal on American properties in which Holland investors are heavily interested, has estimated the volume of investments by his fellow countrymen in American securities at the present time at between \$450,000,000 and \$500,000,000. He states that in 1903-04 there was purchased by Amsterdam in five administration offices \$40,000,000 in steel securities; \$23,000,000 in Kansas City Southern; \$27,000,000 in Missouri, Kansas & Texas; \$7,000,000 in Illinois Central, and about \$25,000,000 of Eries and Southern Railway common combined. Total investments in American securities in the last ten years, Mr. Simons estimates as having increased from \$80,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Among the long list of American stocks that are dealt in by Amsterdam, Mr. Simons names United and Amalgamated, Atchison, Car and Foundry, Denver & Rio Grande, Eries, Kansas City Southern, Missouri, Kansas & Texas, Norfolk & Western, Pittsburg Coal, the Rock Islands, Union and Southern Pacific, United States Steel, Wabash, Mercantile Marines, Chesapeake & Ohio, Illinois Central, Southern Railway and a number of others, all of which he said were traded in on the Amsterdam bourse.

Whether the Bank of England's advance of its discount rate from 2½ to 5 per cent was or was not aimed at the speculative position in American stocks is being actively debated. Since the London money rate went up, London has shipped to New York City between 300,000 and 400,000 shares of American stocks, representing an estimated par value of fully \$35,000,000. Of these shares quite a large portion already has been delivered to Wall street houses, and more are on the water. The stocks have been used as collateral for loans obtained in London. Will they be used for the same purpose here; and, if so, how soon? New York loans are necessary to take up these foreign obligations, also, and that was why time money rates, on the same occasion, rose to 5 per cent.

Electors of the Belvedere school district will hold an election November 23 to vote bonds in the sum of \$35,000 for the erection of a new school house. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent.

Santa Monica officials are considering the calling of a special election, December 9, to vote bonds in the sum of \$20,000 for the purpose of purchasing an automobile fire engine and hose cart.

Brief Personal Mention

Mrs. E. S. Featherstone of West Twenty-seventh street has been entertaining, as a house guest, her mother, Mrs. E. A. Robinson of Chicago.

Date for the wedding of Miss Bernice Estelle Heber and Mr. Guy Cameron La Touche of this city has been set for December 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Blake have moved into their new home at 2122 Thompson street, where Mrs. Blake will receive the second and fourth Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Cheshire of 1422 Malvern avenue, with their little daughter, Miss Ursula, have returned from a trip to Seattle.

In compliment to Miss Ethel Fraser, a bride-elect, the members of the Shirt Waist Club of Ocean Park are entertaining today with a breakfast at Christopher's, to be followed by a theater party at the Orpheum.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reilley of Buffalo, with their two children, will pass the winter here as guests at the home of Mrs. Reilley's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Jones of Gramercy place.

Mrs. J. T. Hansen of Ellendale place, who has been passing two months in Oregon, has returned to her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse F. Waterman have returned from an extended trip through Boston, Washington, New York and other eastern cities of interest. Mrs. Waterman will be at home to her friends Thursdays.

Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

of sixteen; Mrs. George Walker and party of eight; Mrs. H. C. Breeden and party of eight, and Mrs. B. H. Cass and party of forty guests. Various sized parties will be given by Mrs. W. T. Calderwood, the Misses Dent, the Magnolia Club, Mrs. W. T. Covington, Mrs. Magauran and many others. In addition to these a great many other women have signified their intention of attending. The following women have been appointed as the executive committee for the card party: Mmes. Randall Hutchinson, C. B. Nichols, M. E. Stroh, Leon F. Moss, O. P. Clark, George W. Jordan, Egelhoff-Rundell, B. H. Cass, Frank Phelps, Phillip D. Wilson, Oliver Bryant, J. T. Fitzgerald, Frank A. Vickery, Cora Lewis, Frank B. Long, H. Morris, C. F. Conant, George W. Kress, Morris Albee, O. Shepard Barnum and the Misses Dent.

Mrs. John Ward Gibson of Union avenue was hostess Wednesday at an informal handkerchief shower, given in compliment to Miss Helen Weed, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Weed of Gardena, who will marry Mr. Chauncey Mahannah, November 17.

Mr. and Mrs. George Godfrey Crakel of West Twenty-ninth street entertained Hallowe'en with a dancing party. They were assisted by Mrs. Dane Sturges, Mrs. Carl Stutsman, Mrs. Edward Jenks, Mrs. E. J. Hearst, Miss E. G. Fairchild, Miss Daisy Craig and Miss Ann L. Gates.

Miss Julia B. Alderson of Garland avenue was hostess recently at an attractively appointed Hallowe'en party. She was assisted in receiving by her brother, Dr. Charles M. Alderson. Decorations were appropriate to the occasion, and games, music and dancing formed the evening's entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Vickery of Andrews boulevard entertained Friday of last week with a handsomely appointed luncheon in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. John Philip Sousa. Covers also were laid for Miss Sousa, Miss Helen Sousa, Col. and Mrs. Robert Wankowski, Mr. and Mrs. Vere Goldthwaite of Covina, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul and Miss Miriam Nesbitt, leading woman of "The Traveling Salesman."

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett R. Bates, who recently were married, have gone to Mexico City, where Mr. Bates, who is a mining engineer, will make his headquarters.

Of interest to friends here and in the north is the announcement made of the marriage a week ago Friday of Miss Mabel Gertrude Foster of this city to Mr. Duncan H. Pierce of Rochester, N. Y. The ceremony was performed in Lowell, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce will make their home in Boston.

Mrs. Bruce Hatch of 1848 Gramercy place has gone to La Jolla, where she will visit until the first of December.

Miss Edith Van Alden was hostess last Saturday at a matinee party given for eleven of her friends. After the performance, tea was served at the Van Nuys.

Miss Florence Judd, who has been visiting friends in New York and Canada since last August, has returned and will receive her friends at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Don A. Judd of South Bonnie Brae street.

Miss Ethel S. Joyce of 939 Westmoreland avenue entertained Saturday evening with a Hallowe'en party, the affair being in honor of Miss Lulu Stevens, who will marry Mr. Harold Clarke Ferry in December.

Mrs. C. S. Marston, wife of Lieutenant Marston of the British army, who is stationed at Victoria Barracks, Vancouver, B. C., has been visiting at Hotel Van Nuys with her father, Colonel A. G. Gassen of San Diego, also a guest at Hotel Van Nuys. Previous to her marriage, which took place only a few months ago, Mrs. Marston was well known in local society circles.

Among the many prominent Los Angeles folk registering at Hotel del Coronado for the week ending October 30 are Mr. Cecil A. Borden, Mr. W. T.

Heyer, Mr. F. M. Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Klauber, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Dennison Cook, Mr. S. M. Spalding, Mr. J. J. Davis, Mr. C. L. Bundy, Miss Hazel Hyde, Miss Lucile Locke, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Penoyer, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morse.

Mrs. Charles McFarland, who accompanied her husband east in the midsummer, has returned to her home here. Mr. McFarland came back early in October, after visiting friends in Ohio and their son in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. L. V. Brown of 1522 Winfield street is entertaining as her house guest, Mrs. J. H. Hannoe of Saratoga Springs. Mrs. Hannoe probably will remain here for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Reavis of South Pasadena left last Saturday for a ten days' sea trip along the north coast, their itinerary to include San Francisco, Seattle and Tacoma.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Doyle of West Adams street of the approaching marriage of Mr. Doyle's daughter, Miss Eva Doyle, to Mr. Earl Hanson, a young business man of Chaumont, Ky., the ceremony to take place in Chaumont, November 10. The young couple will reside in the east until spring, when they plan to come to Los Angeles to make their home.

Mrs. E. Bruce Flack of Fourth avenue entertained with a matinee party Saturday afternoon in compliment to Mrs. Marie Sweet Baker. Other guests were Mrs. Owen J. Sweet, Mrs. Fred W. Beau de Zart, Mrs. Harry E. Houk, Mrs. W. K. Chambers and Mrs. J. M. Neeland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Haskell of South Bonnie Brae street have issued invitations for the evening of November 13, when they will entertain with a buffet supper and cards.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Cook of West Twenty-second street have returned from San Francisco, where they attended the Portola festival.

Announcement is made of the marriage in Denver of Miss Jessie Tucker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell Tucker of Williams street, to Mr. Walter Summer.

Mrs. Malone Joyce of Arapahoe street will be hostess at a series of luncheons to be given next week, the dates for the affairs being November 11, 12 and 13.

Mrs. Joseph Scott of Elden avenue has returned home from a two weeks' visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Swift Daniels have returned to their home, 2620 Manitou avenue, after an absence of two years in the east. Their daughter, Miss Margaret Lantz Daniels is in school at Vassar.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Reed of Sacramento have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Foy of San Rafael ranch. Mrs. Reed formerly was Miss Ethel Hall of Sacramento, and at her wedding recently was attended by Miss Florence Foy as maid of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Allen, with their son and daughter, Mr. Robert Allen and Miss Leola Elmore Allen, have returned from Venice, where they have been living for a year, and are at 816 Beacon street.

In compliment to Mrs. J. G. Owens and her mother, Mrs. L. C. Wilson of St. Louis, Mrs. Charles Stansbury of Commonwealth avenue entertained recently with two pretty affairs, one being a bridge luncheon and the other an afternoon at bridge. Judge and Mrs. Owens, who will make their home in Los Angeles, are at the Hawthorne for the winter, and Mrs. Wilson will remain here for the season as their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Pettit announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edna Floretta Hadiet, to Rev. Ellsworth Downer of Grand Rapids, Mich. November 23 has been set as the date for the wedding and the ceremony will take place at the Plymouth Congregational church.

Invitations have been issued by Rev. and Mrs. James Haswell Harwood for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Grace Winifred Harwood, to Mr. Clarence James Shults. The wedding will take place Thursday afternoon, November 11, at 107 South Rampart boulevard.

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